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FIUME to be made an international port for ten years, under the League of Nations, and then to revert to Italy; meantime, international assistance for the Jugoslavs in the construction of a new port on the Adriatic. That, we are told, is the agreement which brings the Italians back to Paris. It is not so satisfactory a solution as the permanent internationalization of Fiume would be; for it means a perpetuation of rivalry in the ports of the Adriatic. But it is a solution which violates no principle of nationality. Fiume is not Slav, but Italian. The argument for its internationalization has been that Jugoslavia needed an outlet to the sea. The reported agreement provides her with one. But nothing is said in this agreement, or the correspondents' report of it to us, of the Dalmatian coast that lies to the south of Fiume. Access to the Adriatic, from that coast, is important to the Jugoslavs and to the people living north and east of them. It will be a disastrous policy to let the secret treaties determine the disposition of Fiume.

THERE is danger that delay in taking action will spoil the single wise decision which has marked the policy of the Peace Conference towards Russia. Two weeks ago the Council of Four agreed to cooperate with a neutral commission in sending to Russia badly needed supplies of food—and to cooperate "without any thought of political, military or financial advantage." This policy promised to save many lives, and to serve as the first step in an economic recovery that would offer the Russians an alternative to government by violence. But now we are told by the Associated Press that little progress has been made with the plan. The Soviet Government objects that the clause in the agreement which binds the revolutionary armies to put down their arms does not apply, also, to the counter-revolutionaries. And in Paris the flock of counter-revolutionary agents is opposing the plan because Kolchak's victories, six hundred miles from Moscow, and the reported successes of the Finns in the west seem to them to indicate the weakening of Soviet power. And so more thousands of people may starve, and an effective Russian policy be thrown away.

MEANTIME the various armies in Russia continue their warfare. It is hard to tell just what successes the Finns have won, near Petrograd; reports are indefinite. But in the east, Kolchak continues his slow advance. He is reported as approaching Samara. That means he still is nearer the Ural Mountains than to Moscow. Withdrawing in the north and east the Bolshevik armies have themselves made a gain in the south. They have reached the River Manytch, which brings them to the extreme southern boundary of the territory of the Don Cossacks. It seems as if the Bolsheviki were following the old Russian tactics of shifting their armies—from south to east, and then back to south again. Despite the announcement of successes by both revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries, it may be that the only really significant military event of the week is the withdrawal of American troops from the Archangel front, preparatory to their departure for America.

THERE are not many statements from the men in Paris that show an appreciation of the forces that are now loose in the world. But there are a few. In the village of Mesves, last week, Herbert Hoover dedicated a cemetery for American soldiers. "The world," he said, "has spent infinite blood and has suffered infinitely to destroy the misuse and inheritance of political power. We are yet faced with the unsolved problem of the misuse and inheritance of economic power. In the end, reaction—whether it be political or economic—has always fallen with a crash. It is for us to maintain clarity of thinking, and not be mis-

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led by the will-o'-the-wisp of passion and enthusiasm. Yet from these times the plaint of the downtrodden becomes the insistent demand of social right."

THE Spartacide government in Munich has fallen. Troops of the national government at last forced their way into the city, after a slow process of encircling it. Since the assassination of Kurt Eisner, in February, Munich has had a series of Spartacide and Communist governments, and has suffered more from famine and bloodshed than any other German city. Whether Munich will now know more peace and order depends chiefly upon the amount of genuine discussion the Allies grant to the Ebert government, in the signing of the peace terms, and the support they give that government after the treaty is approved.

THE French trade unions had declared that they would cripple Paris on May Day, with their general strike, and they succeeded. But as to responsibility for the riots, opinion differs. The conservative papers blame the socialists; the socialists blame the government. What is most significant is that few soldiers participated in breaking up the labor demonstrations. This work was done by the police. The few soldiers who did get into the mêlée appear to have been mostly on the strikers' side.

FOR the Coalition government in England life is a series of disappointments. Since the Coalition victory in December four by-elections have been held. Three of them have been defeats for the government. Last week, in the district of Aberdeen and Kincardine, a Liberal candidate won by some 200 votes. In December the Coalition had won that district by more than 600. It had won, as it won everywhere, by jingo promises to make a new Brest-Litovsk peace. In England, first of all the victors, is jingoism losing its power to draw votes.

IN the face of a rapidly growing Liberal opinion, the British Cabinet has nevertheless brought into Parliament a budget which will be fought by the Liberals, because it introduces "colonial preference." The principal colonial products affected will be tea, cocoa and rum. But there will be other products, such as cotton, tobacco and sugar, to which preference may be applied. Liberal opposition will be based on the belief that this programme is the opening wedge for a policy of protection—at a time when the nations are seeking to limit the possible causes of international ill will.

THERE is to be a general election in Spain. Although even the official Conservatives are said to have favored a coalition Cabinet, in the present circumstances, the King recently saw fit to put an unusually reactionary Cabinet into office, with Antonio Maura as premier. Then Maura placed in his Cabinet a particular enemy of the labor groups, Juan de la Cierva. Immediately there were strikes. De la Cierva offered to resign. The Cabinet, believing it unwise to yield so directly to labor pressure, refused his resignation. Now the King has dissolved Parliament, and Spain has another crisis.

A FORTNIGHT ago the Mexican government announced that it would not be bound by the Monroe Doctrine or any other policy which limited its sovereignty. More recently the government has refused to recognize certain financial clauses in the armistice of November 11th declaring recognition would be contrary to the Mexican Constitution and to the terms of a treaty between Mexico and Germany. Much will be made of these two incidents by those who are always on the lookout for signs of Mexican aggressiveness. For this reason Mexico ought to make a less cryptic statement than she has yet made, of her attitude towards the financial terms of the armistice. As for the Monroe Doctrine, we have no reason to criticize Mexico if she disagrees with what some of our statesmen think is best for her.

A RELIABLE correspondent of the New York Times, Mr. Charles Selden, sends to his newspaper a story told him by an American army officer recently back from Italy. As an instance of superior intrigue the story seems almost to Machiavellian to be true. "In France," says this American officer, "the Italian government officials recently got the populace together at a great open-air meeting for the distribution of food. After the supplies had been given out, the crowd was asked if they wanted a further distribution of food and, if so, to indicate their desire by raising their hands. All hands in that immense crowd went up. Photographs were taken that instant, and later widely distributed throughout Italy with a caption to indicate that they were pictures of citizens of Fiume voting in favor of annexation to Italy."

ALL the proposals of the International Commission on Labor Legislation have now been made public. It was hard for the Commission to make any suggestions that would actually be useful—and still respect the right of every nation to make its own decisions in domestic matters. What the Commission proposes is the establishment of a permanent International Labor Conference. Each state is to agree to receive any recommendation from this Conference, and to place it before the authorities competent to legislate or to take other necessary action. If nothing happens, then no further obligation rests on the individual state. The whole procedure is voluntary. But it supplies one more method by which attention can be called to desirable reforms and public opinion mobilized in support of them.

THE Commission has not waited for the first Conference to formulate a programme for government action. It makes nine recommendations. (1) Recognition that labor is not a commodity; (2) recognition of the right of both employers and employees to organize; (3) payment of a wage adequate for a decent living; (4) adoption of an 8-hour day or a 48-hour week as a standard to be aimed at; (5) provision of a weekly rest of at least 24 hours (on Sunday, if possible); (6) abolition of child labor; (7) recognition of the principle of equal pay for men and women, for work of equal value; (8) due regard for "the equitable economic treatment of all workers" in every country; and (9) provision for a more adequate enforcement of laws for the

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protection of labor. All of these proposals are now placed before the member states of the League of Nations for action.

THIS report of the International Commission on Labor Legislation has had very little comment in the United States. But Mr. Walter Drew, counsel for the National Erectors' Association, sees a definite disadvantage in it. His argument runs in this fashion: The British working men have done a good turn for the American employer; they have got shorter days and better wages—and now some American products, steel rails, for instance, can be sold in England at better rates than the British companies themselves can make. Why spoil a good thing? Why set up international standards? In Mr. Drew's opinion, the American employer who seeks world trade is "simply marketing American labor in comparison with English labor, German labor, Japanese labor, etc." Shall we throw away our present advantage, just for the sake of American labor?

THE newspapers give conflicting opinions as to where responsibility lies for the May Day riots in Cleveland, Boston, Detroit, and Chicago. In those riots two men were killed and probably more than a hundred people injured. But the disturbances in New York, particularly at the Madison Square Garden and at the office of the New York Call, have every indication of being pre-arranged. Soldiers and sailors, it seems, were incited to action that was in no way spontaneous—and the American uniform was shamefully dishonored. What happened at the Call offices is an outrage. A score of the men entered the headquarters of this socialist paper and drove the people who were attending a reception into the streets. Then (we are quoting the New York Times' account of the affair) "the remaining soldiers and sailors formed a semi-circle in front of the building, and as the people emerged the men in uniform struck them with clubs." There is no more vicious or cowardly performance in the record of the American nation.

IT is the extremists on both sides who want violence, and who will be responsible, if we have it. At one end are the newspapers and the public men who incite mob activities like those at Madison Square Garden and the offices of the Call. Mr. Ole Hanson is one of these—with his reported promise, in case the government "fails," to start through the country and "hold meetings and have hanging places." At the other extreme are the people who worked out the cowardly and almost insane bomb plot that was thwarted by the New York Post Office. The people who want violence are fortunately few. But they are unfortunately active. The vast majority of Americans who want no violence look to Mr. Wilson for action which will anticipate a situation that may become intolerable.

ONE move which can immediately be made to avert future violence lies within the power of the men who are now in convention, in St. Louis, organizing an association of Veterans of the War. These men can warn the soldiers against the schemers who use them as dupes. They can point out that violence will best be avoided in America if all of our citizens can match the fine self-possession of the American army in France.

LIKE the Russian whose horses were tiring, Mr. Burleson has leaned from the sleigh and thrown one of his children to the wolves that pursue him. He has returned the cable lines to their owners, and he recommends that the telegraph lines be returned as soon as legislation can be secured from Congress safeguarding the interests of their owners. As a result of this action, Mr. Burleson will silence some of his critics. There are people who do not care what happens to free speech or the right of federal employes to organize their unions—so long as we are saved from the menace of government ownership.

BUT while Mr. Burleson was appeasing certain of his critics, he made a second statement which will not help him with those whose criticism is based on another and more fundamental disagreement. He declared, in a reply to Mr. Gompers, that to talk about collective bargaining with a government official by the employes in his service "is little short of silly." This is Mr. Burleson's characterization of the only method by which individual workers can be sure that their grievances will have the attention of a responsible official. It is also a characteristic explanation of a policy that has terrorized the postal service and won the enmity of its employes.

TWO months ago, Mr. Wilson wired from Paris, asking the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations not to discuss the League of Nations Covenant, until after a conference had been held. Now Mr. Lodge wires from Washington to the Republican Senators, making a like request. This new conference is called, obviously, to keep the Republicans from making another false start. In February, after what promised to be an attack on the idea of having any league, they switched to support of the plan in general. Many newspapers predict that the Senate will accept the present Covenant with certain qualifications. But the League to Enforce Peace, after a poll, asserts that the Covenant as it stands has enough votes to win.

CHANCES of peace in the Lawrence mills will be brighter, says the Massachusetts State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, in a new report, if in future there is a standing conference committee in which the representatives of labor are chosen by the employes themselves. That is, the workmen are to have the right to organize and to choose their own spokesman. The strikers have made certain wage demands; but at bottom it has been an insistence on the plain right to organize that has dragged out the long struggle in Lawrence. The employers have always fought that right. The State Board again confronts them with the issue.

IF for no other reason a national 8-hour day is impossible, in the opinion of many observers, because it will reduce production to a point that cannot keep modern civilization going. Argument of this sort, however, is often based on the unsound premise that employment conditions are at present well organized. New figures from the Bureau of Mines show how far from true that theory is. They show that with 312 working days in the year the average days worked in the coal mines of the country, in 1917, was 251.

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Strikes and bad management lost 61 days. If employment is organized on a more scientific basis, if strikes are reduced to a minimum by some genuinely cooperative form of control, then the shorter working day becomes more possible than it might seem at first. And this is of course not true in the case of the coal mines alone.

The Treaty Is Ready

A PEACE will be signed. It will not be in all the essentials the kind of peace which was promised to the world while the exaltation of the war was at its height. There is small evidence at Paris of any profound conviction that a new order of international affairs has been inaugurated. The treaty will show at many points the marks of compromise and abatement. It is possible that too much has been conceded. But now within a few days a practical decision must be made and the issue will be between rejection and acceptance of the Treaty and the Covenant. For those who believe that liberal progress depends at this time upon a restoration of industry and normal conditions, who believe that a convulsion wide as the continent would prostrate Europe for decades, there is a strong presumption in favor of accepting the peace. Acknowledging its faults, accepting its disappointments, men who hoped for a better outcome can yet count two clear gains. The nations have agreed to compulsory conference, and they have legally made the causes of war a subject of inquiry by all the members of the League. This is something to build upon. There is here the possibility of growth. The peoples of the world can with these instruments correct errors that may have been made at Paris and complete what Paris has left undone.

Russia Loses

WHAT has become of the plan for provisioning the Russian people? Six weeks ago it was reported on the best authority that at least 200,000 people, perhaps 400,000 people, were perishing monthly from hunger and the diseases that attend hunger. There was a plan launched by Nansen, approved by Hoover, accepted by Wilson —so at any rate it was rumored—for a humanitarian intervention in Russia, having no other object than the saving of lives, innocent lives, even as judged by the imperialists among the western peoples, since most of them represent non-Bolsheviki. But there has been no announcement of any ship anchoring in the Neva with hospital supplies and milk for the emaciated remnant of the children of Petrograd. Nothing has been done. We have calmly permitted another half million to perish.

And in this same period we have had a tremendous increase in the volume of boastings of the successes of Kolchak and Denikin, of the Allies in the North, of the Finns in the Murmansk region, of the Poles in the Baltic provinces. Respectable journals report one day that the Finns have taken Petrograd and the next day ignore so prodigiously important a military event and devote themselves unblushingly to the advances of Kolchak, who is one day within a hundred miles of the Volga, next day fourteen miles distant and the third day making great progress within one hundred and fifty miles of that same elusive river. Plainly wireless telegraphy is not well adapted to the transmission of sincerities in Tsaristic Russian.

And if there is no encouraging news from Kolchak and his aids, the reserved space in the press is given over to the successes against the Hungarian Bolsheviki. In Hungary, so it is triumphantly reported, the Rumanians are advancing on one front, the Czecho-Slovaks on another, and Franco-Jugoslav armies on a third. They are converging on Buda-Pesth, with great caution in spite of the fact that the Magyars are employing the embarrassing tactics of non-resistance. If this can be done in Hungary, why not in Russia? That is the implied moral.

No one can have failed to infer that the propaganda of counter-revolutionary success and the failure to undertake the provisioning of Russia are closely related. When the Nansen plan was first proposed a loud outcry went up from the venerable Tchaikovsky on the Archangel front, from Sazonoff and Baron Rosen and Jerome Landfield and Bakhmetieff, unofficial Russian democrats in partibus. What, feed the Russian people when only by the most incredible efforts have Kolchak and Denikin succeeded in keeping them in starvation? The Russian counter-revolutionaries credit the western world —wrongly, we believe—with sufficient geographic knowledge to clear up the strategy of Kolchak's and Denikin's operations. Kolchak's function has been that of cutting off from Central Russia food supplies originating in Siberia; Denikin has been entrusted with the noble task of preventing the women and children of Moscow and Petrograd from being fed with grain from the southeast and from being warmed with the coal of the Donetz basin. There is nevertheless some shipping on the Volga, and Kolchak is now preparing to put a stop to it. To what end must Kolchak labor to induce starvation if the Allies are to intervene to prevent it? That is peculiar logic, as a Russian sees it.

The logic is nevertheless sound. All is fair in war if it succeeds; not otherwise. The policy of starving Russia appeared, six weeks ago, to be a flat failure. The Bolsheviki were advancing on some fronts and receding on others but nowhere were

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they giving the desired indications of collapse. Their home front appeared firmer than ever. The hundreds of thousands of deaths by starvation appeared to the Russian people not to lie definitely at the door of the Bolsheviki, but rather at the door of the blockaders, Kolchak and the Allies. The proposal to feed Russia, then, was a motion of want of confidence in Kolchak and Co. No wonder they cried out in agony: "Give us one more throw! We'll make progress; we solemnly promise to make progress. Just two or three more months of starvation for central Russia! Grant it, and the surviving Russians will welcome us as deliverers. All their souls will turn in gratitude to the Allies."

Look at the matter from the point of view of the men who have cast in their lot with Kolchak. Many of them are nobles and landowners, who will have to wrap their titles in their poverty and emigrate unless Kolchak succeeds. Many of them are tradesmen who waxed exceedingly rich in the profiteering days before Nicholas abdicated. They bought pleasant estates and handsome mansions, now put to some base proletarian use. Many of them are doubtless sincere Russian patriots, just as much convinced that Russia will never recover except under the knout of a man on horseback as the Germans were convinced that Europe would never be happy except under the Hohenzollern sceptre. They believe in Kolchak: they must believe in Kolchak.

Have they not good grounds for believing that Kolchak must win, unless Allied humanitarianism interferes? Kolchak has a large army—200,000 or perhaps 500,000. He has a railway line behind him: not much of a line, but good enough to bring rifles and ammunition. "As a result of the efforts of Great Britain and France quantities of much needed equipment are arriving. Recently the Third Siberian Corps operating here received 350,000 rifles, 45 cannon, and equipment for 100,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalary." So the Associated Press reports, of date April 21st. Perhaps Kolchak did actually receive all this material, and perhaps he will now receive regular supplies. Anything that is reported may be true. And if this is true, how can the Soviet authorities with their wretched facilities for manufacturing arms and equipment, hold out against him?

The German Junkers and generals proclaimed a year ago that with one more great offensive they would infallibly win the war. They knew better. They knew they had only one chance out of ten. If they did not take the chance, they were certainly lost. What worse could happen to them if they tried and failed? The difference between defeat acknowledged in March and defeat acknowledged in November was a matter of a million lives or more, but what are lives in higher politics? Kolchak may win; or if he fails, what more does he lose by taking another throw? Nothing. It is Russia that loses.

The Rights of Teachers

PROBABLY no community in the country wants to see its schools Prussianized. Persecutions like that of Miss Alice Wood, who was suspended by the Board of Education in Washington, D. C., without a chance to defend herself, are not the result of any deliberate action on the part of a community. They are the performance of a dozen men. Some one or two citizens become alarmed. Often it turns out, much later, that they have had no reason to be alarmed whatever. Sometimes they have this much excuse: the teacher is actually refusing to give their particular bias to her bald narration of facts. The uneasy citizens go to the Board of Education. Perhaps the Board is itself uneasy; perhaps some of its members are willing to receive publicity; it is no job at all to discover and annihilate Bolshevism when Bolshevism is represented by a single underpaid young woman. The case goes to the newspapers. There are headlines. This is not the invariable order of events. But it is perhaps a typical instance. Teachers who honestly seek to give a plain account of modern events, who want to preach no doctrine, pro or anti, are matched against men whose unreasoning patriotic fervor or genuine class alarm or eagerness for publicity makes them indifferent to the true responsibilities of education. The teachers lose.

Until recently, the position of the teachers has been about as weak as it could be. Wretchedly underpaid, and with no organization to support the case of the individual, the teachers have been almost as dependent upon the good grace of their employers as if they were totally unskilled workers. But during the last few months, spurred on by certain extravagant abuses of power by the school boards in different communities, the Teachers' Federation has grown into a national organization of rapidly increasing power—aiming to help the teachers improve both their salaries and their status in the public school system.

The average salary of the public school teacher in the United States is $600 a year. This, of course, is a national disgrace. And there are thousands of teachers who receive but $300 or $400. These figures have always been known and often been a subject of general commiseration. The Teachers' Federation now shows that something can be done about the matter. It has demonstrated that organization, as part of the American Federation of Labor, has a direct effect on wages. In New York, with the assistance of the State

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Federation of Labor, it has secured the passage of a bill making an average increase of $100 a year. In Madison, Wisconsin, the teachers' union (organized only five months ago) has secured a new non-partisan Board of Education and drawn from the retiring Board a reluctant increase of $150. In Chicago, in Washington and in other cities the advantages of organization have had concrete proof.

In agitating for a decent living wage, the Federation has proceeded on the principle that the teachers are partners with the public in the serious work of education. And because this work needs not only a living wage but the assurance of a free discussion of public questions, the Federation has demanded a voice in the government of the schools, (1) through representatives on the school boards, (2) through teachers' councils in every school, consisting of representatives chosen by the teachers themselves, to be consulted in all matters affecting teacher or pupil, and (3) through the election of school boards by popular vote.

The value of this third proposal is doubtful. It is intended as an extension of democratic control; but experience shows that adding to the ballot a number of minor administrative offices usually results chiefly in an indifferent choice of candidates. The Federation might have proposed, instead, that the Board of Education be chosen by the city assembly, responsible to the electorate, and that the city executive and the teachers themselves be consulted in the choice. This would have been in line with the first two proposals of the Federation—proposals which help to fix responsibility and to give the teachers a partnership with the public and a protection against the careless tyranny which is now menacing the American school system. It is good news to learn that the Teachers' Federation is growing at a remarkable rate; that it has chartered seventy local unions in many parts of the country; and that during the last month it has spread so rapidly that a new charter has been issued every other day.

Bombs

THERE are in every community an appalling number of mental defectives whom modern science is only half beginning to recognize and to classify. Physically mature their mental condition may be that of a child, either docile and helpless or ingeniously cruel; and they are often capable of contriving an elaborate fiendishness and of acting on an intricate logic. Their insanity is frequently partial and for a long time it may be latent, so that detection is difficult. Only at some obscure and critical moment does this insanity explode into an act, after perhaps years of brooding and hallucinatory scheming. These people scattered all through society may be suppressed and checked for a long time. But they remain peculiarly inflammable, and when the environment is morally relaxed and exciting as it is in time of war or social change their lusts are released into violence.

The world is now passing through a period of vivid incitement. Lust, cruelty, rape, murder, treachery, every kind of atrocity and violence have been exhibited before men incessantly. The newspapers and leaders of opinion who have sponsored and advertised this stuff assume of course that the only result is to move mankind to righteous indignation against the crime. They are deeply and tragically mistaken. There is a percentage of men and women, and a fairly large one at that, who are really moved to obscene enjoyment, who revel in cruelty and find a thoroughgoing satisfaction in it. Suggestion works upon them like a drug, and the spectacle of horror incites them merely to share it. There is no use dodging this fact. It exists in the human nature of this world, socially controlled in the majority, uncontrollable in a minority.

From them the makers of bombs are recruited, and although their motives may have an aura of anarchist theory about them, they are not born of reasoning from means to end, are not a calculated method of accomplishing a purpose, but something obscurely generated and stimulated by largely accidental causes. The man who drew up his list of victims, contrived the bombs, had special wrappers forged, and neglected to put enough postage on his machine, was probably a person isolated from the possibility of normal human intercourse in whose soul there had smouldered for a long time an impotent virulence. In the ordinary routine of a peaceful civilization he found no environment to move him into action. But when the social atmosphere had become charged with heat and with passion as is ours today he burst into flames and set feverishly to work to indulge himself. It was an environment sufficiently mad and distracted to release him.

Such individuals have probably always been present in the human community. The annals of ascetism, flagellation, burnings and mutilation testify to it. But in the modern world the possibilities of cruelty have been enormously exaggerated and vulgarized. The bomb is an old-fashioned weapon in comparison with some that might be used, and it is a serious question whether society has enough resource to control the use of deadly materials which its science has created and its governments have taught millions to use without much disapproval.

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It is certain at least that the eradication of such mental defectives is a long and difficult task of eugenics and education. In the immediate present next to sober and skilful legislation aimed at the regulation of explosives and poisons the most important thing is the cleansing of the public mind and a cooling down of hysteria. It is in this connection that conceited creatures like Ole Hanson and Arthur Guy Empey are peculiarly dangerous. They are lunatics rushing about the country with flaming torches looking for powder magazines. But the Hansons and Empeys, who are themselves unbalanced, are stirred up to violence by the larger community of men and women who are agog because of the war, whose more primitive impulses have enjoyed vicarious fulfilment; and who are now in a high state of fear and tingling pleasure and panic.

It is time, and just about time for the assertion of sobriety. The war is over. Peace will be signed in a few weeks, and whatever excuse there may have been for violence and intolerance as a means of creating a fighting morale has passed. In New York City, papers like the Evening Post and the World and men like Rabbi Wise have spoken fearlessly against violence whether it comes from men in uniform or not. The pulpit might well speak out now. Mr. Taft, Mr. Lowell, Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt and the American Legion, the Presidential candidates could profitably be heard from. For the real source of violence lies in that atmosphere of unreason which incites the defective mind. As long as the community acts like a frightened bully, as long as the apostles of law and order act as if red ruin were due the day after tomorrow, as long as newspapers and orators conspire to create a sense that American institutions are fragile and endangered, as long as tales of cruelty, hate, swagger and malice are the prevailing food of public opinion, as long as everything is kept boiling and whirling in a pandemonium of excitement, just so long will it be more than usually difficult to control the murderous impulses which move a dangerously large fraction of men.

Americanism in Education

ALERT conservatives no less than alert radicals are willing and anxious to alter one American institution. We refer to the institution of education in its direct relation to the state and to society. The two groups are far from agreement about the purpose of the proposed social education and about its appropriate methods, but they agree in demanding the assumption by the nation of a larger measure of responsibility for the moral and political training of its citizens. The demand implies both a radical break with the past and a long step towards collectivism in education. Since the foundation of the Republic Americans have, to be sure, always and increasingly believed in the school as the chief bulwark of democracy, but they have assumed that almost any education, provided it was accessible to all classes, would supply the American voter with the indispensable intellectual and moral tools of his franchise. They were really depending on the assimilative power of a free and flexible social economy for the "Americanization" of American citizens. They conceived American social life as a stream which purified itself in the running. The function of education was merely that of removing some of the obstacles which prevented the stream from running free. The results of the war have put an end to this feeling of complacency. Conservatives have come to understand, as radicals have long understood, the impotence of American society to counteract automatically the poisons generated by the vicissitudes or the excesses of its own behavior. Public opinion is aroused to the existence of centres of industrial discontent, of social unrest and of revolutionary and counter-revolutionary agitation which threaten social stability. Americans are losing their innocent faith in the immunity of their commonwealth from disintegration as the result of disease and violence. If it is not immune they want to know what plans either educational or otherwise the state can adopt to recover its immunity and secure the moral unity of the American nation.

Of course the conservatives and radicals who agree upon the need of reorganizing the schools and colleges expressly for the manufacture of good American citizens disagree entirely when they formulate the ideals and methods of social education. The conservatives tend to consider any active sentiment of disloyalty or any symptoms of revolutionary agitation as ultimate facts with which education for citizenship has to deal. They trace the moral alienation of so many Americans from the American republic chiefly to deliberate ingratitude and ill-will. Subversive agitators, they say, fail to recognize the huge debt which the individual American citizen owes to his country and the absolute dependence of all individual development upon social security. Some anti-social agitators are merely ignorant, frivolous or perverse, but more often they are prompted by envy, greed, malice, presumption or sheer social incorrigibility. Adults who give evidence of these anti-social states of mind should be carefully prevented from expressing their opinions, but the really effective way of dealing with such active disloyalty is to instill into the minds of the young the immaculately social virtues. These virtues are all associated with respect for authority,

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obedience and intellectual and moral conformity. American conservatives are as never before insisting upon discipline irrespective of its objects, upon obedience to authority without too close an inquiry into its deserts and upon a loyalty which measures its value to the nation by the violence and self-righteousness of its feelings. Implicit in the conservative attitude is a conviction that American society embodies a group of salutary political and social principles which are true no matter how they work, which are too sacred for examination and discussion and which are sufficiently vindicated by public reiteration. Social education consists in the application of an intellectual police power to the schools, colleges and camps in order to prevent fallible and perverse human beings from straying from the charted paths of virtue and truth.

Radicals, on the other hand, must attribute the existence of political disloyalty not chiefly to individual perversity and malevolence but to defects in the organization of society. Admitting though they may that some anti-social agitation is traceable to deliberate malice, they cannot give to these anti-social feelings the value of ultimate facts. America is a democracy. Democracy is an impossible delusion unless human nature responds fluently to sufficient opportunities for positive self-expression. If a society generates a dangerous amount of disloyalty and cannot automatically discharge its poisons and impurities, sincere democrats must fasten the blame chiefly on its social and political institutions. Social education must in that case start from the idea not only of the decrepitude of the old education but from the gross deficiencies of the affiliated social economy. The social economy of a people is the tree which bears the fruit either of popular contentment or of popular discontent. If the poor and dispossessed act and feel irresponsible towards the state, instead of as formerly loyal and acquiescent, the behavior of society itself must have determined their attitude. And we cannot divorce the behavior of society from the moral attitude of its economic and political leaders. The irresponsibility of the discontented poor is a creation of the irresponsibility of the rich, the educated and the powerful. The latter are willing to work or die for their nation during war, but they are not prepared to redeem during peace the most elementary duties of democratic citizenship. They themselves help to create the impurities which so many of them wish to purge by violence out of the body of America. If they devoted as much attention to removing social grievances as they do to creating excuses for disloyalty, they could dismiss as negligible the danger to society from anti-social agitation. Precisely because their effective influence so far outweighs their numbers, it is they who most need the social education. During the next ten years they are likely to get what they need.

The mere feeling of loyalty is no test of valid citizenship in a democracy. There are thousands of Americans who are wholly loyal in feeling and who pride themselves on their one hundred per cent Americanism, but whose mental and moral outlook makes them impossible citizens of a democratic commonwealth. Democracy is nothing if not an association to promote the well-being of all its members. Loyalty to a democratic society means not only love of country and willingness to sacrifice wealth and life for its safety, but also loyalty to the purpose and work of human amelioration which gives to democracy its spiritual meaning. The citizens of a democracy do not advance that work either by revolutionary violence or by counter-revolutionary violence. They will advance it chiefly by establishing the willingness and the technical ability to enhance human life as the chief test of Americanism and the chief goal of social education. The transfiguration of loyalty as it now exists in the minds of the most loyal Americans from complacent satisfaction with self and country into a stern and enlightened determination to render themselves and their nation more worthy of its democratic ideals constitutes the most immediately effective means of rooting out disloyalty.

The ideals and some of the methods of democratic social education are clearly outlined by a recent official document. A Commission of the N. E. A. has prepared a report on the secondary schools and the Bureau of Education in Washington has published it. We lack the space to review and comment on the excellent specific plan which the report describes and recommends for the reorganization of these schools, but no one interested in training for citizenship can afford to ignore the ideal of social education to which the authors of the plan expressly commit themselves. A clear conception of the meaning of democracy should, they say, determine the whole process of education in the United States. The purpose of democracy is to organize society so that each member may develop his personality primarily through activities designed for the well-being of his fellow citizens and society as a whole. It follows that education in a democracy both inside and outside of the school, should develop in each individual the knowledge, interests, ideals, habits and powers which will enable him to find his place in society and to occupy it in a manner which makes for the enhancement of his own life and that of the community. It should assist the individual to enjoy health, to command the fundamental tools of reading, writing and arithmetic, to become the worthy and useful member of a family, to practice a vocation, to play his

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part as the citizen of a town, state or nation or a league of nations, to use his leisure for enrichment through music, art, literature and social intercourse of his personality, and for the development of a sense of personal responsibility and initiative and a spirit of service. Our existing educational system fails flagrantly to realize this ideal. The report proposes consequently that the teachers in the secondary schools themselves "explore the inner meaning of the great democratic movement now struggling for supremacy." And the task of exploration which the report proposes for the teachers in the secondary schools is equally indispensable for the whole body of rich, powerful and educated Americans.

The concrete application of these formulas to a plan of social education is clear. If it is the purpose of democracy to organize society so that each of its members may develop his personality through activities designed for the well-being of his fellow citizens and society as a whole, American society assuredly falls far short of realizing the democratic purpose. As America is now organized, the economic, social and political leaders of the nation do not develop their personalities through activities which give any assurance of contributing to the well-being of their fellow citizens. As for the wage-earners, who as a class are deprived of the opportunities of leadership, they are engaged in a struggle for mere existence which naturally renders them indifferent to the welfare of society as a whole. The first business of a democratic plan of social education would be to strike at the social inequalities which account for so much of this hostility between individual activity and interest and social well-being. The obvious method of using education to destroy social inequality is the keeping of the youth of America under vocational and educational training until they are qualified to become masters of their own economic and social careers. The state would then guarantee to all its citizens through its schools the economic independence which its social economy has failed to guarantee and which the individual citizen needs in order to realize the moral values of his own life. It would plant the roots of his independence and his opportunity for self-expression, not in the fortuitous and frequently undeserved and demoralizing ownership of property but in trained ability to perform socially valuable work. Thus the state itself would through its schools deliberately confer so far as possible the substance and opportunity of power on all its citizens. It would break down that essential dependence of power on property which is becoming so threatening to popular liberty, and substitute for it an equally essential association between labor and power. The nation itself would serve as the chief agency of radical but remedial social change and would use the ferment feared by the conservatives to promote social unity. The object of the new system of social education would be in the words of John Dewey "to produce in schools a projection in type of the society we should like to realize, and by forming minds in accord with it gradually to modify the larger and more recalcitrant features of adult society."

The Bank of North Dakota

NORTH DAKOTA is controlled by the farmers, and farmers have often generated ideas of banking and finance that reached out after Utopia. Therefore many of the solid citizens of the older states feel justified in pronouncing the newly organized Bank of North Dakota a wild experiment, without looking too closely into its organization or prospective operations. But let us not be too hasty in our condemnation. Ten years ago a federal reserve system would have been condemned by many thoughtful men as a fantastic and dangerous project. Not everything that looks at first radical in finance proves radical in its ultimate tendencies.

The bank is to be managed by the Industrial Commission, which is also responible for the management of a wide range of other enterprises undertaken by the state; and that looks bad, at first sight. What if the Commission should subordinate the interests of the bank to those of the state elevator and milling enterprises, for example? The danger is not apparently very formidable. All the state enterprises are to be launched with a capital independently derived from the state's credit. They are to operate under the rule of cost: that is, their services are to be paid for at rates including direct costs, overhead and depreciation. Independently of the bank the state's taxing power is behind them, and there is no prospect that they will extend their operations to such an extent that their failure would strain the ability of the state to pay.

But the Industrial Commission is a political body, consisting of the governor, the attorney-general and the commissioner of agriculture and labor. What reason is there for expecting them to be expert in the management of a bank? None. But neither do we expect the directors of a commercial bank to be experts. They employ experts, to manage the institution according to established canons of banking. That is just what is contemplated in North Dakota. We have to look beyond the organization itself to the character of the business to be done. Is there anything unsound about that?

The Bank of North Dakota begins business with

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assets consisting of $2,000,000 in state bonds, interest to be determined according to the requirements of the market. It is to become the exclusive depository for state and local funds. It may receive deposits from private corporations or individuals, payable on demand or at a specified time. All such deposits are guaranteed by the state. The bank may make loans to other departments and enterprises of the state, to the local government bodies, and to state and national banks. For banks making it a reserve depository it may provide foreign and domestic exchange and may rediscount paper. It may not make loans to individuals or private corporations except on notes secured by realty mortgages or by warehouse receipts. Loans on real estate may not exceed fifty per cent of the value of the security, and loans secured by warehoused commodities may not exceed ninety per cent of their value. Moreover, the bank may not lend more than thirty per cent of its capital and twenty per cent of its deposits on real estate security.

With a field so circumscribed, what are the chances of failure? We can see no reason whatever why loans to the other departments and enterprises of the state should not be perfectly sound, so long as the state's taxing power remains elastic as at present. Loans to the local bodies are also sound enough. Those bodies are well hedged about by restrictions upon their power to incur debt. Direct loans to the state and national banks, and rediscounts purchased from the banks, are as good paper as can be found. Neither does any appreciable insecurity inhere in the loans on warehoused products. If there is any weak point in the system, it is to be found in the policy of lending on real estate security. We may profitably examine this point carefully, because it is not only the crux of the question of solvency, but lies near to the chief object of the system.

Real estate loans in North Dakota have been hard to obtain and have commanded high interest rates because the state is dependent almost wholly upon agriculture, and agriculture is concentrated upon the wheat crop, which may be injured by frost, hail or drought, impairing the ability of whole sections to pay interest on loans or to meet loans falling due. What the state government is attempting is to create a form of loan more nearly adapted to the conditions of the state than the form borrowed by private lenders from other sections of the country. Accordingly the bank will lend money on mortgages containing an agreement providing for repayment on an amortization plan which will extinguish the loan in not less than ten nor more than thirty years. In case of crop failure reducing the expected income by one-half or more, the mortgagor may be relieved from immediate payment of the year's interest and amortization instalments, and the sum in which he has been relieved together with interest on it, may be distributed over those due in later years. There is nothing novel in the principle. In effect the state arranges in advance to loan the mortgagor funds to cover interest on his loan in years when his product fails him.

But the bank's relation to the borrower is only a transient one. When it has accumulated real estate mortgages to the amount of $100,000, it must transfer them to the state treasurer in exchange for negotiable state bonds, through the sale of which the bank recovers its funds for further operations. This process may continue until the state has ten million dollars of real estate bonds outstanding and ten million dollars of mortgages in its possession. Interest paid to the state on the mortgages is to be calculated at a rate covering the interest paid by the state on the real estate bonds and the cost of administration besides. Whether that interest will be high or low depends, of course, on the conditions under which the state can place its bonds. If the propaganda against the Non Partisan League fixes the impression that North Dakota will go bankrupt, the farmer of North Dakota will pay high interest. If the plan of the bank is fairly judged there is no reason why North Dakota bonds should not sell at good prices and the farmer secure his capital at a low rate.

Is it not, however, too much to expect conservative financial circles to assume a friendly attitude toward so radical an experiment in finance? But is this really a radical experiment, or an adventure in real conservatism? Long term loans, low interest, insurance against foreclosure in the event of crop failure: these constitute a powerful influence making for home ownership. Who cares to maintain that home ownership makes for Bolshevism?

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Mr. Burleson, Espionagent

ON May 16th, 1918, a President of the party of Thomas Jefferson signed an act of Congress providing, among other things, that the mails should be closed to any "abusive" writing about the "form of government" of the United States.

Thomas Jefferson said: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this union or to change its form, let them stand undisturbed. Let them stand undisturbed as monuments to the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it."

Woodrow Wilson said: "If there is one thing we love more than another in the United States, it is that every man should have the privilege, unmolested and uncriticized, to utter the real convictions of his mind."

Mr. Burleson said: "Newspapers will not be permitted to say that the Government is owned by Wall Street."

Mr. Burleson was right. Mr. Wilson was wrong. He was wrong about the rest of us and wrong about himself. He was all for letting people talk; but he was all for "drawing the line somewhere" as soon as Max Eastman and Floyd Dell began to talk. Mr. Creel drew the line even more rapidly. His Committee on Public Information issued advertisements warning us in effect against criticizing even the physical conduct of the war. "Report the man who spreads pessimistic stories," said the Committee on Public Information. "Report him to the Department of Justice."

We applauded. For one letter coming to Washington resenting suppressions of speech, there were ten urging more suppressions. John Stuart Mill said that no modern democratic elected government was likely ever to attempt any control of opinion "except when in doing so it makes itself the organ of the general intolerance of the public." He described our case.

It had four stages of development and then a fifth stage—in which we now are—a stage of bewilderment. Having dimmed our minds to the intellectual difficulties of the war, we now find them dimmed to the intellectual difficulties of the peace. "The persecutor," said W. H. H. Lecky, "can never be certain that he is not persecuting truth rather than error, but he can always be certain that he is suppressing the *spirit* of truth."

Our first stage was to try to close the mouths of all people hostile to the war. They might think the war unjustifiable. Daniel Webster, in 1847, during the war with Mexico, said: "We are in a most unjustifiable war." In 1847 his spirit was unpopular but tolerated. In 1918 it was non-mailable and criminal. In 1918 we followed the spirit of Judge Aldrich of the District of New Hampshire, who said:

"We must in good faith and with courage accept the reasons which the authorities have deemed sufficient to justify war. We must accept those reasons as altogether sufficient."

The bench approved Mr. Burleson. When Mr. Burleson excluded the Milwaukee Leader from the second-class mails because its "tendency" was "seditious"—that is, against the war—he was sustained by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. When he declared the Masses of August of 1917 non-mailable, he was sustained, ultimately, by the New York Circuit Court of Appeals. Ultimately, in all actual decisions of non-mailability, he was always sustained. He was within our spirit and within our law.

We denounced "pacifism" in the same breath with "treason." Boni and Liveright of New York published a book by Andreas Latzko entitled Men in War. It was a descriptive book. It described war's horrors, as seen by an Austrian. Mr. Burleson declared it non-mailable. Censorship is rooted in cowardice, and flowers into cowardice. This book, reporting war, affected reality. Under censorship we came to the idea that we could not face reality without losing our nerve. We came to the idea that if the countrymen of George Washington and of Ulysses S. Grant should read Latzko on war they would quake. Personally we ostracized "pacifists" and mobbed them. Officially we ostracized Latzko and broke his book.

That was the first stage—to try to stop criticisms of the war and also of all war. The second was to try to stop criticisms of certain administrative policies of the government—conscription, for example.

The editor of the Jeffersonian, in the southern district of Georgia, was against conscription. He seemed to think, erroneously, that conscription was unconstitutional. He said: "Does not the President know that the Conscription act, forcing citizens out of the Union to die in France, is every bit as lawless as the action of the Phelps Dodge Copper Company in forcing 1,100 miners out of Arizona?" He made this preposterous comparison, and found himself outside the second-class mails.

Judge Speer decided that he must stay outside. Mr. Burleson had been quite right. The editor of the Jeffersonian could not question the war, and he could not question conscription.

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In 1916 conscription existed in England. In 1916 I sent out from England an interview with Mr. W. A. Appleton, a prominent English labor leader, questioning conscription strongly. I did not admire Mr. Appleton's opinion. My own view was that no temporary coercion of men's bodies by act of Parliament could do any lasting political or moral harm, provided only their minds were left free to agitate against that act, if they wanted to agitate against it, and free therefore to secure its repeal if a majority of voters could be persuaded to demand its repeal. Besides, I had a prejudice then, as now, in favor of universal liability to military service as the only possible means of getting an army in the full temperament of the whole nation. Volunteer armies are joined almost exclusively by men who are willing to be strike-breakers and who are willing to be imperialistic adventurers in foreign parts. I thought then, and I think now, that the only democratic revolutionary armies possible are armies drawn from the masses of the people. Therefore I did not admire Mr. Appleton's opinion. But I did admire his interview. It was outright, and able; and it made me work to defend myself against its arguments.

I took it to the authorities in London. They passed it and released it at once. I put it into the mails. And I returned to my country, once England's teacher, and found that no American of Mr. Appleton's opinion had Mr. Appleton's liberty.

We sanctified conscription absolutely and continuously. Many other things we sanctified intermittently. Among them was our revenue system. We suppressed an issue of the Public for saying that Congress ought to raise more money by taxes and less by loans. Once, we almost sanctified Mr. Gompers. He suppressed an issue of the Nation for several days and advertised it to the country as a seditious issue—for doing what? For attacking Mr. Gompers's policy as leader of American labor. By such steps we rose to our third stage. In that third stage we sanctified the policies of our Allies.

Huebsch of New York published a pamphlet by Lajpat Rai of India. It was called An Open Letter to David Lloyd George. It dwelt on evils in India—evils of poverty, evils of inadequate popular education, evils of inadequate popular self-government. It deprecated immediate revolt; but it seemed to advocate ultimate revolt, unless the reasons for revolt should be removed.

Now it is perfectly true that people do exist who, if they are brought into vivid contact with England's crimes, will recoil from a war in which England is an ally. Some few people may even sabotage such a war. They may refuse to help lick the Kaiser till England stops helping to lick him. Among them there may be one who will try to blow up a bridge. The theory of free speech is to increase knowledge, even if a few people have to be jailed for using knowledge badly. The theory of censorship is to de-brain a whole nation in order to prevent a few people from putting us to the trouble of physically stopping them. Lajpat Rai's discussion of Anglo-Indian politics was thrown out of the American mails.

Mr. Burleson, in this stage, protected our minds amply from Indian agitators, and from many other agitators, and from the Pope.

There was a paper in New York called the Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register. There used to be. But it printed too many things noted by Mr. Burleson's assistants and marked with their pencils.

It printed an article earnestly and religiously criticizing the treaty under which the Allies were said to have barred the Pope from having anything to do with "the conclusion of peace"; and it printed a quotation from the Pope, on patriotism, in which the Pope said that "no man can be loyal to his country unless he first be loyal to his conscience and his God." Mr. Burleson's assistants objected to both the article and the quotation. They lifted their pencils and marked the Pope.

The Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register also printed many articles and quotations about Ireland. It printed an opinion by Thomas Jefferson that Ireland should be a republic. Mr. Burleson's assistants marked Thomas Jefferson. It printed George Washington's address against "the insidious wiles of foreign influence." Mr. Burleson's assistants marked George Washington.

Thirteen issues of The Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register were dammed up in the mails. It was a little paper. It ceased. Its editor, Mr. A. Brendan Ford, wrote a farewell editorial in which he showed how he had been "made to realize" that he at least could not speak "regarding self-determination of Ireland" or "in defense of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace." Mr. Ford is an old man, venerable for appearance, venerable for recollection. When he was a boy he worked in the shop of William Lloyd Garrison's Liberator. He has lived to see his own paper destroyed because he could not and would not and did not, on the afternoon of April 6, 1917, suddenly turn his back on Ireland and on the head of his faith.

Mr. Burleson protected us against the Pope and against Mr. Ford on behalf of the British empire and on behalf of a certain anti-Papal policy of the Italian government. It was a logical incident of stage three.

In stage four we went on to deal with our outright military enemies. We were becoming skillful now and ambitious. We were not content, in stage four, with negative protection. We advanced to a protection really positive. We decided that we would make our own pictures of certain of

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our enemies, through our own bureaus of official enemy portraiture at Washington, and that no other pictures of such enemies would then be either official or patriotic.

Nikolai Lenin, meanwhile, had made a speech in Moscow on The Soviets at Work. It was printed in Izvestia, official organ of the Soviet government. Adventurously it was reprinted, in a pamphlet, by the Rand School in New York. Reading it now, we overhear Lenin speaking to his own people, not to us. We overhear him. We eavesdrop on his incitements of Russia to riot and ruin. What does he say? "Conduct a merciless struggle against chaos." "Raise the productivity of labor." "Establish universal accounting." "Maintain strict discipline at work." "Give no pre-eminence to Red Guard methods." "Pay a high remuneration to specialists." "Pay them 100,000 rubles a year if necessary." "Get rid of grafters." "Execute grafters." "Introduce the Taylor System of Scientific Management." "Make everybody work."

Mr. Burleson declared this pamphlet nonmailable. Then and there he brought censorship to the final flash of the full message of its meaning. Censorship may start as the creature of popular impulse. It ends inevitably as the engine of purely official impulse.

Officially Mr. Lansing and Mr. Creel had contrived a certain explanation of Lenin. Out of the materials at their disposal they had sincerely given us to understand that Lenin was a cheap vulgar crook, The satellite of the Kaiser. Now, with the Kaiser gone, and with Lenin still among us, and with millions of rubles lying at Lenin's disposal in Russian banks for eighteen months, and with Stockholm and foreign exchange and luxury near by, and with Lenin not in Stockholm safe but in Moscow being shot at, we begin to feel that the materials at Mr. Lansing's and Mr. Creel's disposal were quite considerably insufficient. We begin to feel that somehow Lenin has fooled us. But Lenin's own words would have done a great deal to set us right about him, eight months ago.

The Soviets at Work is an unintentional but indubitable self-portrait. It does not flatter. It does not disparage. It reveals a scholastic pedantic man walking the world with a colossal mental stride toward a highly imaginative magnificent mission—or mirage—of perfect technical economic organization, beyond self, beyond personality. It may be the production of an intellectual monster, intellectualizing the world to its ruin. It is not the production of a pickpocket.

But Washington was now master. It helped the Committee on Public Information to circulate the official portrait of Lenin. It would not allow the Rand School to circulate Lenin himself.

We were within striking distance now of the conclusion that no arguments of any sort against any of our public ideas or against any of our public institutions ought ever to be put into circulation in any manner. Judge Wade of the southern district of Iowa struck it first. He made a speech on our schools and said:

"I would not permit an expression which indicated doubt. I would not picture the blessings of other lands except as, by comparison, the blessings of this land might be exalted. I would not discuss the extent of the liberty of any people on earth except as such study would prove that ours is the land of the free. I would have no discussion of the comparative government except in so far as the comparison might be to the absolute advantage of our own form of government."

He used the very words of the Espionage law. His was the mood in which we met the issues of the war, the mood of listening to only our own side; and now we have to meet the issues of the peace in the mental condition consequent. Our general uncertainty, our popular purposelessness, as we look at a conquered world and wonder what to do with it, has many causes, doubtless; but one of them, surely, and a large one, is our ignorance of our opponents, of those who dissent from us, at home and abroad. By weakening our knowledge of their arguments, we have weakened our knowledge of our own purposes. John Stuart Mill said that "He who knows only his own side knows little of that." Once more he described our case.

But it is not our own case only. It is also the case of every other country. England has kept more free speech than America. But in England nevertheless, as everywhere else, the principle of free speech, as a principle, has been deeply undermined, popularly and officially.

Let us not flinch from the fact. We gained no military or intellectual advantage by jailing Bertrand Russell in England or by suppressing Lenin's pamphlet in America. What we accomplished was simply to gratify our growth in the passion of coercion and to exhibit our decline in the sense of liberty.

Free speech seems to be an antique Jeffersonian Victorian liberal sentimental dogma, with few believers left. It thrills our modern scientific radicals as feebly as it thrills our surviving Tories. Mr. Burleson suppresses a work of Lenin's; and, in the very work suppressed, Lenin says: "We must mercilessly suppress the thoroughly dishonest and insolently slanderous bourgeois press."

Lenin does not believe in natural rights. Mr. Burleson as a Jeffersonian should. Like Lenin he does not. Hardly anybody does any more. But the dogma of free speech rests on the dogma of natural rights and dies without it. Norman Angell can prove that free speech is materially useful to practical progress in society. He proves it in

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vain. No consideration of ultimate social utility will check a ruler tempted to the immediate demonstrable physical gain of silencing his opponents. All that can check him in any way is an instinct, a fear, a faith which grants to every man a set of rights beyond human recall.

Thomas Jefferson knew what he was about when he grounded his defense of free speech on the absolute assertion that "God created the mind free." If he did not, then Lenin will mould mind as he kneads bread. God has been much invoked, he has even been much kidnapped by the Tories, but some day perhaps we shall see a revival of Thomas Jefferson's God, a God who might be said to differ from the God of the Tories in this: that while he is so known and so explicit that of course we try to live in obedience to his will, he nevertheless remains so altogether unknown and unknowable that he still moves through mysteries to his wonders and we dare not lay the hand of force on his searchings toward his fulfillment in men's minds. The only Easter of free speech in the modern world is in his resurrection.

In the meantime Mr. Burleson has to be exonerated. He did not cause the modern decline in the sense of liberty and he did not conduct his censorship unlawfully or indeed immoderately. The lesson is not in him but in the censorship itself. It shines out from our experiences in information about Russia and in information about many other things, and it tells us emphatically:

Censorship begins by merely controlling the expression of thought, it finishes by making thought. We start by trying to outwit our opponents. We end by being all of us outwitted by the office-holders.

Even with no belief in free speech as a theory, we may well dislike official mind-moulding as a fact. We have seen that fact in prodigious practice during the war. We have seen it. The question is: Will we remember it when we are urged as we shall be urged to continue a censorship in one form or another, on into peace, over radical book publishers and radical public speakers and radical groups of university professors and radical unions of grade school teachers and other alleged Bolshevists, in the name of alleged Americanism? Will we remember that by our popular intolerance of *certain* people during the war we gave to our office-holders a personal power over *all* people, including ourselves, which we did not really mean to give them, but which is inherent and inevitable in censorship and which is manifestly un-American?

WILLIAM HARD.

The League and China's Railways

MOST plans for a solution of problems in China leave out of consideration the Chinese people, except as so much booty to be carried off by the successful bidder. Have they no claim to just treatment, no aspirations to be satisfied?

British and American opinion in China is highly incensed at the open disregard of Chinese susceptibilities by the Japanese, at the shameless importation of morphia, and the absolute helplessness of individuals who become victims of Japanese high-handedness. To date, no Japanese has ever been found guilty in a Japanese consular court in China. Naturally one fears association with a people whose courts declare that they can do no wrong. If there were no more to the question than the profits upon an occasional bill of goods, the market for some millions of railway equipment, it is conceivable that either British or American opinion would deem the game not worth the candle. But the issue becomes a moral issue, and upon moral issues both peoples have become highly sensitive.

The logic of the situation is so inexorable that a group of representatives of all the nationalities involved have been trying to evolve by discussion some means of putting the entire subject upon a basis so different that entirely new principles will govern. While the participants have only remote connections with official circles they have sufficient entré so that if they should be able to arrive at some agreement, their conclusions will have official consideration. The problem is principally to frame a programme upon which the foreign interests can meet, and one which at the same time the Chinese will accept. There is no doubt in the mind of any one, that unless this can be accomplished, China will be practically dismembered. But Chinese racial pride is such that it prefers a national death by force, rather than a national humiliation to which it agrees. Today, China is too weak to help herself. Yet she refuses international charity. How to form a committee of relief out of elements which mutually consider each other pickpockets has been a problem.

So far, there is practical agreement upon the following principles:

One, that China must be developed rapidly in an industrial sense in order to satisfy the foreign demands of trade, and in order to strengthen her-

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self sufficiently to restore stability in the Far East.

Two, that development can be accomplished more rapidly by enlisting the full cooperation of the Chinese than by actual control of the territory.

Three, that cooperation of the Chinese can be secured only by making it plain that use of foreign capital, machinery, and organization will serve to bind China together rather than to alienate portions of her territory.

Four, that foreign investments are not secure under Chinese management, due to lack of experience and skill on the part of the Chinese in the use of large scale organization.

It is accordingly proposed to abolish once and for all every "sphere of influence." In practical terms, this can be accomplished by a combination of all railways into something approaching a national system. Hitherto it has been the practice to associate the money lender with the Chinese official in the management of lines built out of foreign capital. It is now proposed to put all of these undertakings under one board, to be composed of one representative from each interested nation. In order to prevent this board from perpetuating itself to the exclusion of Chinese interests, it is proposed to increase the Chinese representation as rapidly as the Chinese investment increases, either from actual subscription, additions to property from surplus, or repayment of funded debt. It is proposed that this board shall assume all the obligations of present lines, and secure funds for future construction by bond issues based upon the credit of the combined lines. In order to make the consolidation actual in a commercial sense, it is planned to provide a technical organization, subordinated through a chairman who should be official secretary of the board. This technical organization would be charged with the establishment of standards of construction and maintenance, specifications for rolling stock and other materials, purchases, general accounts, through traffic, and all matters dealing with the coordination of the several individual lines. It is proposed that all construction be let to the lowest satisfactory bidder, and all purchases of materials be by open tenders, all without respect to nationality.

In the operation of the individual lines, it will be necessary to localize to some extent the different nationalities. In a way this seems to leave the "sphere of influence" about where it is now. But if standards be the same, if accounts be subject to the same audit, if rate schedules be subject to the same review throughout China, national discriminations will be reduced to a minimum. In addition, it appears practicable to place among subordinate personnel upon each line appointees of diverse nationalities who are able to speak the language of the higher officials. There are any number of English-speaking Japanese, Japanese-speaking English and Americans, French and Russians who would be available for such purposes.

There would be practically no difficulty in securing an agreement of all parties if this programme were to be confined to lines yet to be built. But if the programme stops there, the "sphere of influence" remains. Financing the new lines becomes much more difficult and expensive, for it will cut off a margin of $20,000,000 annual profit on the government railways from the credit of the new lines. In addition it will place the new lines at a very great disadvantage in their approach to terminals, division of rates, and in the planning of routes. Chinese interests, however, will object to the merging of the strictly government lines with the new ones to be constructed; for it will seem to the Chinese that they are surrendering to the complete control of a foreign majority lines over which they themselves now have complete control. Any one who is familiar with Chinese opinion knows how sensitive it is upon this point. Hence something must be added to the programme in order to make it appeal to the Chinese.

It therefore seems necessary to bring into the scheme the lines now under purely foreign control so that the sovereignty of the outlying occupied territories is unequivocably guaranteed to China. This means that the Chinese Eastern, the South Manchurian, the Shantung, and the Yunnan lines must in some way either be merged with the government system, or at least be brought under some degree of supervision. This is a difficult problem. While some of these lines are considered as controlled primarily by the government, their securities are quite widely distributed. The opportunity which such a condition offers for obstructionist tactics is obvious. It is hoped that the active interest of the foreign governments involved can be enlisted.

The most delicate point, of course, is the South Manchurian line. Japan identifies her interest in that line with national patriotism. She fought Russia for it. It was bought with her blood. To be sure no one proposes that it should be confiscated. But even a sale would seem to her like the sale of her soldiers' lives. Yet what did Japan's war with Russia really settle? Not the title to Manchuria. That was, and is, China's. At the conclusion of the war, Japan agreed with Russia to pursue no political ends there. Even granting that such an agreement was only a diplomatic gesture, the fact remains that by her victory over Russia, Japan did not establish a claim to the exploitation of Manchuria.

The hope of securing the support of Japan is

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not as vain as it may seem at first. Japan's attitude toward Manchuria, indeed toward all China, is premised upon a simple but compelling fact. Every year the population of Japan increases 600,000. Her arable acres are relatively few. Intensive agriculture has done all it can. And people are still hungry. Japanese do not emigrate except to countries with a higher economic level. There is none of the pioneer instinct in their make-up. For thousands of years they have remained in Japan. Except for a few merchants, professional men and government representatives, they do not go either to Formosa or Korea, over which Japan has jurisdiction, nor to Manchuria, over which she has de facto control. Thus Japan must embark upon manufacture as a means of buying food for her people.

But Japan has none of that iron which is so fundamental to modern industry. The markets of the world are already well occupied. Therefore she turns to China both as a source of raw materials and as a field within which to develop a market. Up to the past three months, there seemed no way to secure either materials or market in China other than to occupy the country in such a manner as to introduce one's own organization. The alliance between the military party, commercialism, and the hungry population was the most natural thing in the world. It will not be strange if the mental habit of this alliance will be hard to break. Food, profits and patriotism make a combination which makes difficult a really intelligent revision of Chino-Japanese relationships.

However, there has been a party in Japan which has for a long time pointed out that the real interests of Japan lie in the development of the Chinese people, that an increase in the purchasing power to the Chinese coolie is essential to the increase of Japanese trade with China, and that military aggression is working in the wrong direction. This party now has its opportunity. It is likely that of all the nations which will profit from the plan sketched out here, Japan's gain will be first and most substantial.

It must be remembered, too, that the military party in Japan is not yet ready to challenge the western Powers,—if that step be necessary to carry out its programme. While the Japanese army is large and its valor undoubted, the progress made in the art of war during the past four years finds Japan unprepared. She is woefully weak in aviation. She is short of submarines, and will have to build them. In the use of gas and high explosives she must acquire skill and the means of manufacture. But most of all she is short of steel without which modern warfare is impossible. This was clearly shown by her negotiations following the American embargo of a year ago. Japan, to be sure, is active in her efforts to make good these deficiencies. Scarcely a week passes without the report of a new contract governing the opening or developing of a Chinese mine, and invariably one clause of the contract provides that the entire output shall be sold to Japanese merchants. When a sufficient supply of ore is moving regularly over seas to Japan, then it is more possible that we shall find the line of fringing islands off the China coast fully fortified, the passages between them mined, and an eviction notice posted upon every other foreign concern in North China. For it will then be relatively safe for Japan to challenge.

Until that time, however, military Japan will endeavor to temporize—to refrain from anything positive, to seem to yield, yet not actually to do so. That is the policy of military Japan. But there is also a Japan which loves truth and peace. That Japan has been forced into the background for over a generation by those who taught that "Might is right" and that "The greatest sin is weakness." The teachers themselves have gone, but their disciples remain. Those who would help the real Japan, who would like to see the Japanese people too freed from militarism, will urge that Japan make up her mind to join England, France and America in the cooperative development of China primarily for the Chinese.

J. E. BAKER.

Peking.

Savannah

YOU can know a man, it is said, only when you have eaten a peck of salt with him; you can know a city when it has sheltered your stock for a century. Life is too short, then, for knowledge; it can only compass impressions, the briefer, the clearer. That alone can justify a chance visitor in writing about a city like Savannah. Does any city in America make a more definite impression of a distinct collective personality? This would be difficult to maintain. Go where you please in the city and you will come upon vistas unlike anything you have ever seen. You meet men and women subtly differentiated from those of other cities. The personality of the city, you decide at once, is most appealing. Life must be very sweet in Savannah, and even death, where marble gleams like moonlight among live oaks draped with long strands of gray moss.

In the newer cities of the West and Southwest even the most casual observer can detect cross currents under the smooth surface of the common life. There is a conflict between labor and capital, be-

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tween the middle class and the rich and powerful, and in the last class there is conflict between the older group that still rules and the rising group of the newly enriched, between the tendencies toward cosmopolitanism and the autonomous, autocthonous tendencies. There must be similar conflicts in Savannah, but they are not visible. Savannah life appears to be a thing of subtle shades and harmonies. Down to the present time there has been no infusion of newer elements so great as to strain the city's capacity of absorption. Savannah is still altogether itself.

Not that the stir of war and war enterprise has passed Savannah by. The river front bristles with slips where ships under construction are packed away like eggs in a crate. New factory buildings abound, and from the character of the newly erected homes you infer that Savannah has her share of war millionaires. War prosperity, you almost hope, may be a passing phase in Savannah's history. You would prefer that the city should remain forever just what it is. Have we not industrial beehives enough elsewhere? But if you imagine that there is any possibility that Savannah can defy the laws of change, the commercial and industrial experts will disillusion you. Infallibly the movement of commerce through the port will increase in geometrical progression with the unsealing of resources in the State of Georgia and the territory beyond. And just as infallibly industry will establish itself all along the pleasant river toward the sea. Savannah is now in full bloom but the fruit is forming below the petals. What kind of fruit will it be? Must it be characteristic industrialism, with its laboring population overworked, underpaid, packed into wretched tenements, despairing or rebellious, or is something better possible?

It all depends on the spirit of the people; and how can the stranger procure evidence as to matters of the spirit? The most obvious consists in architecture. Do a city's homes exhibit a frenzied ambition for display, a competitive zeal for idiosyncracy that exhausts the varieties of good taste and ranges beyond into the limitless realm of the bad? Exploitation is in close relation to the spirit of such a city. Now, Savannah is architecturally satisfying. The older buildings are beautiful and the newer only less good. That middle period of American architecture in which pretentious monstrosities were multiplied in other American cities left practically no trace in Savannah. Perhaps it is because the city was not prosperous in the seventies. It may be that nobody had the money for red brick chateaux and gray feudal castles. But the more reasonable explanation is that they were alien to the spirit of a city conscious of the value of its own standards.

But the argument from brick and mortar to the quality of the spirit is not enough; one looks for more direct evidence. A legislative committee is holding "hearings" on taxation; it is a tedious subject, but sometimes elicits truth from those who are heard. Suppose we attend. Here we find something that strikes us as new in the democratic process. Instead of a bored committee listening vacantly while representatives of one interest and another unfold their views we have a very live committee with an amazingly effective debater—who calls himself an ordinary farmer—explaining the legislative project to the citizens. Before that project is to be presented to the legislature it is thus to be submitted to the people all over the state. Progress through understanding and general consent, not through clash of interests and parliamentary manipulation, that is the obvious purpose. To one who has lived long in the industrial belt this seems an alien innovation. Of course it isn't; it is just natural Americanism.

Naturally American, too, is the spirit of the committeeman's arguments. There is an emphasis upon the words "just" and "fair" that elevates them to the position of absolute values. In the industrial North the comment immediately arises: "Yes: but what do 'justice' and 'fairness' mean?" In Georgia everybody is supposed to know what they mean. There is a note of veneration for law and government that also sounds unfamiliar in Northern ears. And there is an antipathy to the revolutionary forces now loose in the world such as no one in the North feels unless he is paid to feel it. Is Savannah particularly disturbed by fear of revolution? Apparently not. But the revolutionary idea produces an effect of hideous heresy among a people who accept existing institutions in the traditional American spirit.

Savannah wants to be just and fair within the traditional range of economic and social life. It wants everybody to have his chance, and to hold his winnings in security. It wants the law to deal impartially, and the burdens of government to be equitably distributed. As between white and black, also? It all depends on your definition of justice and fairness. Does Savannah contemplate a time even in the remotest future, when the distinction between white and black will be obliterated? Not for an instant. But does Savannah plan deliberately to hold the one race in economic subjection, to place obstacles in the way of its cultural and spiritual development? Not at all. The Polish landlords of Galicia, the German landlords in East Prussia and Courland employed all their political and social power to keep wages from rising to the benefit of a working population alien in race. They viewed askance the cooperative societies that sought to strengthen the position of that population. The

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Japanese in Korea are doing their best to stamp out the native Korean culture. Does such a spirit of oppression exist in Savannah? On the contrary, there is overwhelming evidence of a genuine friendliness on the part of the whites toward "the happiest race under the sun." There is a negro savings bank which has a reasonable expectation of prosperity now that prohibition is an indissoluble fact. Certainly it has the best wishes of the white population. Everybody in Savannah admits that the Negro has talents that could be developed into independent cultural values, and everybody would rejoice in progress toward such development.

Perhaps the spring sun of Savannah induces overoptimism, but under its rays one easily conceives that the "race problem" is not the insoluble thing it is reputed to be, but that a solution may work itself out in the substitution of the idea of ineradicable and indisputable difference of race for the harsher and more contentious idea of race superiorities and inferiorities. Put an end to the exploitation of one race by another, and let each race make the most of its own talents. There is probably enough force in the old American canon of "fairness" to produce this result.

But how will the canon of "fairness" stand the advance of wages under industrialism? Savannah has already been put to the test. Negro workmen in the war industries have received wages such as they never before dreamed of, and apparently nobody grudges them their good fortune, even though it has greatly disturbed all other economic relations. Domestic service for example: there is a situation that has its trials, and humors.

In the Old South before the war domestic service regulated itself in a manner to fill the Northern visitor with envy. Apparently you could keep the same cook or maid year after year; and if she left you she had circulated reports of the vacancy, and you had only to choose from among the aspirants to your service. But now in Savannah your cook leaves and you are indeed bereft. You have recourse to the "employment wanted" advertisements and select a likely candidate. Probably you have to go yourself to find her, learning incidentally more about the Negro quarter than you ever knew before. You set forth your conditions of employment. They are noted with interest, but do you attain your object? Not yet; there will be more would-be employers, in limousines, with other conditions of employment, and Dinah means to have the best. That is what will be described in the future as economic revolution. It is accepted in Savannah with good humor and good grace.

The race question, however, is old: whatever progress may be made toward its solution will not solve the new problems of industrialism that will soon be pressing upon Savannah. How will the traditional individualism of this city adjust itself to trade unionism, to the restless strivings of a cosmopolitan working population for better wages, better standards of comfort? In the older manufacturing centres industry, like architecture, has developed through more or less distinct periods. It emerges from the simpler conditions of agricultural and commercial life in which American legal and social institutions first took shape. In this initial period industry employs men and women who had somehow managed to take care of themselves without it. It can live only on condition that it offers improvement in the lot of those it employs. Later comes the middle period of unrestrained exploitation, when whole populations have become permanently dependent upon industry. In the third period our industrial communities become endued with a social sense. It is recognized that the individualistic tradition is inadequate for the regulation of industrial life. The community attempts to restrict the employment of certain classes, to fix standard conditions of employment, to make provision against contingencies that the isolated industrial worker can not meet. In response to the requirements of the social sense, employers interest themselves in welfare work and finally accept, more or less grudgingly, the principle that labor organization is vital to the permanent functioning of industry.

Industrially, Savannah is in the first period. The face of economic progress is still benignant. And the question that presses itself upon the observer is this: Must Savannah go through a middle period of exploitation, or is it possible that the community will manifest a social sense from the outset, effective enough to prevent its growing industrialism from becoming encrusted with the exploitation that a later generation will have to spend its energies in removing? It is difficult to leap over a normal stage of development. Yet these are new times, with a new spirit abroad; and there are signs enough that Savannah is alive to that spirit.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Song for Worship

The curve of a lip
Is like the soft line
Of a vase. But a mouth made round
With passion is a marvelous thing.
Deep eyes are only shadows.
But eyes wide with a dream
Are wonderful.

You are like a bronze
Of Rodin: passion
Cast into a body, filling it
With rhythm.

ETHEL HOBART.

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The Undying Fire

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

Letters and a Telegram

§ 1

IT was three weeks later.

Never had there been so successful an operation as an operation in the experience of either Sir Alpheus Mengo or Dr. Barrack. The growth that had been removed was a non-malignant growth; the diagnosis of cancer had been unsound. Mr. Huss was still lying flat in his bed in Mrs. Croome's house, but he was already able to read books, letters and newspapers, and take an interest in affairs.

The removal of his morbid growth had made a very great change in his mental atmosphere. He no longer had the same sense of an invincible hostile power brooding over all his life; his natural courage had returned. And the world which had seemed a conspiracy of misfortunes was now a hopeful world again. The last great offensive of the Germans towards Paris had collapsed disastrously under the counter attacks of Marshal Foch; each morning's paper told of fresh victories for the Allies, and the dark shadow of a German Caesarism fell no longer across the future. The imaginations of men were passing through a phase of reasonableness and generosity; the idea of an organized world peace had seized upon a multitude of minds; there was now a prospect of a new and better age such as would have seemed incredible in the weeks when the illness of Mr. Huss began to bear him down. And it was not simply a general relief that had come to his forebodings. His financial position, for example, which had been wrecked by one accident, had been restored by another. A distant cousin of Mr. Huss, to whom however Mr. Huss was the nearest relative, had died of softening of the brain, after a career of almost imbecile speculation. He had left his property partly to Mr. Huss and partly to the Woldingstanton School. For some years before the war he had indulged in the wildest buying of depreciated copper shares, and had accumulated piles of what had seemed at the time valueless paper. The war had changed all that. Instead of being almost insolvent, the deceased in spite of heavy losses on Canadian land deals was found by his executors to be worth nearly thirty thousand pounds. It is easy to underrate the good in money. The windfall meant a hundred needed comforts and freedoms, and a release for the mind of Mrs. Huss that nothing else could have given her. And the mind of Mr. Huss reflected the moods of his wife much more than he suspected.

But still better things seemed to be afoot in the world of Mr. Huss. The rest of the governors of Woldingstanton, it became apparent, were not in agreement with Sir Eliphaz and Mr. Dad upon their project of replacing Mr. Huss by Mr. Farr; and a number of the old boys of the school at the front, getting wind of what was going on, had formed a small committee for the express purpose of defending their old head. At the head of this committee, by a happy chance, was young Kenneth Burrows, the nephew and heir of Sir Eliphaz. At the school he had never been in the front rank; he had been one of those good-all-round boys who end as a school prefect, a sound man in the first eleven, and second or third in most of the subjects he took. Never had he played a star part or enjoyed very much of the head's confidences. It was all the more delightful therefore to find him the most passionate and indefatigable champion of the order of things that Mr. Huss had set up. He had heard of the proposed changes at his uncle's dinner-table when on leave and he had done something forthwith to shake that gentleman's resolves. Lady Burrows, who adored him, became at once pro-Huss. She was all the readier to do this because she did not like Mr. Dad's rather emphatic table manners, nor Mr. Farr's clothes.

"You don't know what Mr. Huss was to us, Sir," the young man repeated several times, and returned to France with that sentence growing and flowering in his mind. He was one of those good types for whom the war was a powerful developer. Death, hardship, and responsibility—he was still not two-and-twenty, and a major in the artillery—had already made an understanding man out of the schoolboy; he could imagine what dispossession meant; his new maturity made it seem a natural thing to write to comfort his old head as one man writes to another. His pencilled sheets, when first they came, made the enfeebled recipient cry, not with misery but happiness. They were re-read like a love-letter; they were now on the coverlet, and Mr. Huss was staring at the ceiling and already planning a new Woldingstanton rising from its ashes, greater than the old.

§ 2

"It is only in the last few weeks," the young man wrote, "that we have heard of all these schemes to break up the tradition of Woldingstanton, and now there is a talk of your resigning the headmastership in favor of Mr. Farr. Personally, Sir, I can't imagine how you can possibly dream of giving up your work—and to him of all people;—I still have a sort of doubt about it; but my uncle was very positive that you were disposed to resign (personally, he said, he had implored you to stay), and it is on the off-chance of his being right that I am bothering you with this letter. Briefly it is to implore you to stand by the school, which is as much as to say to stand by yourself and us. You've taught hundreds of us to stick it, and now you owe it to us to stick it yourself. I know you're ill, dreadfully ill; I've heard about Gilbert, and I know, Sir, we all know, although he wasn't in the school and you never betrayed a preference or were led into an unfair thing through it, how much you loved him; you've been put through it, Sir, to the last degree. But, Sir, there are some of us here who feel almost as though they were your sons; if you don't and can't give us that sort of love, it doesn't alter the fact that there are men out here who think of you as they'd like to

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think of their fathers. Men like myself particularly, who were left as boys without a father.

"I'm no great hand at expressing myself; I'm no credit to Mr. Cross and his English class; generally I don't believe in saying too much; but I would like to tell you something of what you have been to a lot of us, and why Woldingstanton going on will seem like a flag still flying to us and Woldingstanton breaking its tradition like a sort of surrender. And I don't want a bit to flatter you, Sir, if you'll forgive me, and set you up in what I am writing to you. One of the lovable things about you to us is that you have always been so jolly human to us. You've always been unequal. I've seen you give lessons that were among the best lessons in the world, and I've seen you give some jolly bad lessons. And there were some affairs—that business of the November fireworks for example—when we thought you were harsh and wrong—

"I *was* wrong," said Mr. Huss.

"That almost led to a mutiny. But that is just where you score, and why Woldingstanton can't do without you. When that firework row was on we called a meeting of the school and house prefects and had up some of the louts to it—you never heard of that meeting—and we said, we all agreed you were wrong and we all agreed that right or wrong we stood by you, and wouldn't let the row go further. Perhaps you remember how that affair shut up all at once. But that is where you've got us. You do wrong, you let us see through you; there never was a schoolmaster or a father gave himself away so freely as you do, you never put up a sham front on us and consequently every one of us knows that what he knows about you is the real thing in you; the very kids in the lower fifth can get a glimpse of it and grasp that you are driving at something with all your heart and soul, and that the school goes somewhere and has life in it. We Woldingstanton boys have that in common when we meet; we understand one another; we have something that a lot of the other chaps one meets out here, even from the crack schools, don't seem to have. It isn't a flourish with us, Sir, it is a simple statement of fact that the life we joined up to at Woldingstanton is more important to us than the life in our bodies. Just as it is more important to you. It isn't only the way you taught it, though you taught it splendidly, it is the way you felt it that got hold of us. You made us think and feel that the past of the world was our own history; you made us feel that we were in one living story with the reindeer men and the Egyptian priests, with the soldiers of Caesar and the alchemists of Spain; nothing was dead and nothing alien; you made discovery and civilization our adventure and the whole future our inheritance. Most of the men I meet here feel lost in this war; they are like rabbits washed out of their burrows by a flood, but we of Woldingstanton have taken it in the day's work, and when the peace comes and the new world begins, it will still be in the story for us, the day's work will still join on. That's the essence of Woldingstanton, that it puts you on the high road that goes on. The other chaps I talk to here from other schools seem to be on no road at all. They are tough and plucky by nature and association; they are fighters and steady men; but what holds them in it is either just habit and the example of people about them or something unsound that can't hold out to the end; a vague loyalty to the Empire or a desire to punish the Hun or restore the peace of Europe, some short range view of the war, anyhow, with nothing to go on to. To talk of after the war to them is to realize what blind alleys their teachers have led them into. They can understand fighting against things but not for things. Beyond an impossible ambition to go back somewhere and settle down as they used to be, there's not the ghost of an idea to them at all. The whole value of Woldingstanton is that it steers a man through and among the blind alleys and sets him on a way out that he can follow for all the rest of his days; it makes him a player in a limitless team and one with the Creator. We are all coming back to take up our jobs in that spirit, jobs that will all join up at last in making a real world state, a world civilization and a new order of things, and unless we can think of you, away at Woldingstanton, working away to make more of us, ready to pick up the sons we shall send you presently——"

§ 3

He lay thinking idly.

"I was talking about blind alleys the other day. Queer that he should have hit on the same phrase. . . .

"Some old sermon of mine perhaps. . . . No doubt I've had the thought before. . . .

"I suppose that one could define education as the lifting of minds out of blind alleys. . . .

"A permissible definition anyhow. . . .

"I wish I could remember that talk better. I said a lot of things about submarines. I said something about the whole world really being like the crew of a submarine. . . .

"It's true—universally. Everyone is in a blind alley until we pierce a road. . . .

"That was a queer talk we had. . . . I remember I wouldn't go to bed—a kind of fever in the mind. . . .

"Then there was a dream.

"I wish I could remember more of that dream. It was as if I could see round some metaphysical corner. . . . I seemed to be in a great place—talking to God. . . .

"But how could one have talked to God? . . .

"No. It is gone. . . ."

His thought reverted to the letter of young Burrows.

He began to scheme out the reinstatement of Woldingstanton. He had an idea of re-building School House with a map corridor to join it to the picture gallery and the concert hall, which were both happily still standing. He wanted the maps on one side to show the growth and succession of empires in the western world, and on the other to present the range of geographical knowledge and thought at different periods in man's history.

As with many great headmasters, his idle day-dreams were often architectural. He took out another of his dream toys now and played with it. This dream was that he could organize a series of ethnological exhibits showing various groups of primitive peoples in a triple order; first little models of them in their savage state, then displays of their arts and manufactures to show their distinctive gifts and aptitudes, and then suggestions of the part such a people might play as artists or guides, or beast tamers or the like, in a wholly civilized world. Such a collection would be far beyond the vastest possibilities to which

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Woldingstanton would ever attain—but he loved the dream.

The groups would stand in well-lit bays, side chapels, so to speak, in his museum building. There would be a group of seats and a black-board, for it was one of his fantasies to have a school so great that the classes would move about it, like little groups of pilgrims in a cathedral. . . .

From that he drifted to a scheme for grouping great schools for such common purposes as the educational development of the cinematograph, a central reference library, and the like. . . .

For one great school leads to another. Schools are living things, and like all living things they must grow and reproduce their kind and go on from conquest to conquest—or fall under the sway of the Farrs and Dads and stagnate, become diseased and malignant, and perish. But Woldingstanton was not to perish. It was to spread. It was to call to its kind across the Atlantic and throughout the world. It was to give and receive ideas, interbreed, and develop. . . .

Across the blue October sky the white clouds drifted, and the air was full of the hum of a passing aeroplane. The chained dog that had once tortured the sick nerves of Mr. Huss now barked unheeded. . . .

"I would like to give one of the chapels of the races to the memory of Gilbert," whispered Mr. Huss. . . .

§ 4

The door at the foot of his bed opened, and Mrs. Huss appeared.

She had an effect of appearing suddenly, and yet she moved slowly into the room, clutching a crumpled bit of paper in her hand. Her face had undergone some extraordinary change; it was dead white, and her eyes were wide open and very bright. She stood stiffly. She might have been about to fall. She did not attempt to close the door behind her.

Mrs. Croome became audible rattling her pans downstairs.

When Mrs. Huss spoke, it was in an almost noiseless whisper. *"Job!"*

He had a strange idea that Mrs. Croome must have given them notice to quit instantly or perpetrated some such brutality, a suspicion which his wife's gesture seemed to confirm. She was shaking the crumpled scrap of paper in an absurd manner. He frowned in a gust of impatience.

"I didn't open it," she said at last, "not till I had eaten some breakfast. I didn't dare. I saw it was from the bank and I thought it might be about the overdraft. . . . All the while. . . ."

She was weeping. "All the while I was eating my egg."

"Oh *what* is it?"

She grimaced.

"From *him*."

He stared.

"A cheque, Job—come through—from *him*. From our boy."

His mouth fell open, he drew a deep breath. His tears came. He raised himself, and was reminded of his bandaged state and dropped back again. He held out his lean hand to her.

"He's a prisoner?" he gasped. *"Alive?"*

She nodded. She seemed about to fling herself violently upon his poor crumpled body. Her arms waved about seeking for something to embrace.

Then she flopped down in the narrow space between bed and paper-adorned fireplace, and gathered the counterpane together into a lump with her clutching hands. "Oh my baby boy!" she wept. "My *baby* boy. . . ."

"And I was so wicked about the mourning. . . , I was *wicked*. . . ."

Mr. Huss lay stiff, as the doctor had ordered him to do; but the hand he stretched down could just touch and caress her hair.

The End

H. G. Wells.

The Mooney Trial

Address Delivered by J. L. Magnes, at the Mooney Meeting, Madison Square Garden, May 1, 1919.

WE are here to demand a new trial for Mooney. We demand a new trial because we are convinced that he was sentenced to death and is now in prison unjustly. The judge who tried and sentenced him demands a new trial. The commission appointed by the President of the United States to look into the case demands a new trial. Much of the testimony at the trial has been shown to have been perjured. The District Attorney of San Francisco, who prosecuted the case, has been shown by the Densmore evidence to be merely a tool of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, a servant of masters who are opposed to industrial democracy. Why, then, is not Mooney granted a new trial?

Is it because of our laws and courts, which may have been adequate in the past, are now antiquated and no longer able to cope with the new problems of the industrial democracy spreading like wildfire throughout the world? If some of our laws and some of our courts are antiquated, if on that account, justice cannot be done in the Mooney case and in other political and industrial cases, it becomes the duty of organized labor and of democratic forces to exert their political and economic power so that adequate laws may be written upon our statute books and in their interpretation justice be done to all alike. The legalistic technicalities and red tape which obstruct justice and righteousness must be torn away by the cleansing, purifying storm which is now sweeping over all the earth, and through which the working masses of all lands are laboring to create a new heaven and a new earth. This meeting tonight must be for America a warning and a symbol that the common people are on the watch, and that in the new America not even the courts will be suffered to do injustice.

We believe that Mooney should have a new trial because we are convinced that he had nothing to do with the throwing of bombs or with the perpetration of the terrible crime of violence of which he has been accused. If we believed that he had anything to do with it, we would not be here. I know that I speak in the name of all of you when I say that we are absolutely and unalterably opposed to a resort to murder and to bloodshed as a means of settling any kind of dispute. For myself I must say that I

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abhor the blood method, and that I disbelieve in the efficacy of brute violence in the settlement of any kind of dispute—be it between individuals, or between classes, or between governments themselves. Bloodshed is a kind of "direct action" which I do not believe in, and which I am sure you do not believe in. What both you and I do believe in is direct economic action and direct political action, and, may I add, direct intellectual and spiritual action. The workers of the world must achieve a new and better day by organizing all of their economic and political power. In England today, the workers are achieving a political and industrial revolution without bloodshed through the intelligent exercise of organized economic and political power. It was only through the threat of a general strike by the so-called Triple Alliance—the railway workers' union, the transport workers' union, the coal miners' union—that the British Government was forced to yield to British labor.

Today in Paris all of the organized workers have laid down their tools in order to achieve by organized, passive resistance, their radical demands. America need not fear violence and bloodshed when the organized workers of America some day achieve political and economic power. During those few days in Seattle, when the organized strikers were in control of the life of the city, there was less violence of any kind than at any time in the previous history of that community. America has much more to fear from the anarchy of such persons as the mine-owners and deputy sheriffs of Bisbee, Arizona, who drove hundreds of law-abiding workers into the desert. America has much more to fear from putting political prisoners behind the bars, much more to fear from the suppression of free speech, free press, freedom of assemblage. The man who sent those infernal machines through the mails the other day is a brutal, cowardly criminal, but he is more. He is in addition an ignorant fool. He has hurt the cause of labor, which, in his ignorance and passion, he thought, probably, he was helping. He and those like him put into the hands of the reactionaries a weapon which they are only too glad to use against you and me. Organized labor and the cause of justice have nothing to gain and everything to lose by resort to violence and bloodshed. On the other hand, there is too much of injustice, of poverty, of misery, too much of force and violence by those in power. When will those in power learn the lesson of history that suppression inevitably leads to violence? The crushing out of civil liberties, the repression of discussion and of public opinion is dangerous in a democracy. It is through the force of public opinion that evils must be remedied, and justice made the cornerstone of the Republic. And, as I understand it, you are determined to secure justice and freedom for Mooney by educating public opinion in the only way left to you—by the compulsion of your united political and economic power. We want to arouse the public opinion, the mind, the heart, the conscience, of that America which is free, to the injustic of denying Mooney a new trial. We want to keep the American public informed about this case to at least the same extent as the public of Russia is informed about it.

We say to the American people—and we are confident that we shall be heard: Give Mooney a chance to prove his innocence at a fair trial without the use against him of perjured and bought witnesses. We say further to the American people: Set all the political and industrial prisoners free. Let no man or woman be kept in prison because of opinions and beliefs, or because of devotion to the cause of the workers of the world. Let those ancient words live again which the fathers of American liberty engraved upon their Liberty Bell: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

CORRESPONDENCE

Where the League Fails

SIR: In your issue of April 19th, you say, with reference to the statement upon the League of Nations which was given to me by the Executive Committee of the British Labor party, that it is an interesting piece of criticism, but you query of what use it is to a Republican.

Your comment assumes the opposition of Senator France and other Republicans who feel as he does to be based on partisan grounds. This is not the fact. So far as the request made of me by certain Senators to ascertain the attitude of the British Labor party toward the proposed covenant of the League of Nations is concerned, I feel sure that it was made with the sincere desire to ascertain the attitude of the liberals of Great Britain toward this proposal.

The opposition in this country to the League of Nations as proposed by the Paris conference is based on two main grounds and exists among two distinct classes of leaders and thinkers. The attitude of the first group is opposed to any League of Nations, for traditional American reasons which I will not take the time to discuss.

I believe that the majority of the thoughtful liberals in this country, however, constitute another group which is opposed to the Paris proposal for reasons generally in line with those officially expressed by the British Labor party. This group is not opposed to a real League of Nations which would bring all the peoples of the world together on a basis which would help to assure the future peace of the world. It is not prepared, however, to swallow any proposal which may be framed up by the diplomats now assembled in Paris and labeled a "League of Nations." Among the questions which present themselves are the following, and upon the answers to these questions it seems to me that the attitude of the American liberals should depend.

(1) Can there be any real League of Nations which does not include, for example, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Russia, on equal terms with the rest?

In the present proposal they are excluded, and since they can only be admitted on a two-thirds vote of the participants, the United States has no guarantee that they ever will be admitted. This has the appearance, not of a League of Nations, but of a new balance of power. In such a League, according to my view, America should not participate.

(2) Is the League responsive to popular control?

There can be no doubt that an autocratic super-government would be a calamity. There are none of the guarantees of popular control apparent in the instrument which are so important a part of the American Constitution and system of government. There is not even a suggestion of the necessity for a democratic election of the delegates who are to have a controlling voice in determining the future destinies of mankind.

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(3) Is the League so devised as to provide for necessary change and progress, or does it attempt to guarantee the status which will exist after this conference, which has all the earmarks of similar conferences of unholy memory, shall have adjourned?

There can be no doubt that it is the intention of the framers of the covenant to stabilize the peace which is to be made at Paris, and to endeavor to guarantee the territorial settlements which will there be made. Section x can be given no other interpretation.

While we do not yet know officially what these settlements will be, we know enough to be sure that they will not even approximate the idealistic peace described in the President's fourteen points. My view in this connection is very well expressed by an editorial which appeared in the London Herald, the official organ of the British Labor party, on April 15th, as follows:

> For if we cannot hear much about the big four and the 14 points, we can overhear a good deal. And what we overhear is that the acid test is failing—failing everywhere.
>
> On the one hand—yesterday—we got the official summary of the League of Nations covenant, and we got evidence, on the other hand, that every one of its provisions is about to be shelved or ignored.
>
> Russia? We are engaged in manufacturing a new profiteering war with her. So act the big four. "To respect each other's territory and political independence." So speaks the new covenant. The acid test writes "hypocrisy" across the covenant here.
>
> "Reduce armaments," says the league again. "Conscription of huge armies," say the governments. "No new wars," says or implies the league. Dozens of new wars are prepared by the big four in stealing the Saar Valley, in enslaving republican Germany, in starving Soviet Europe, in exacting impossible indemnities. "Self-determination," shouts their profession. The state of India, Ireland, Egypt, Russia, Hungary answers their profession with the test.
>
> The test, the acid test, of truth and the future, as against lies, hypocrisy and the past. In this Easter week is it too late to hope and to insist that even the old men of the conference may repent, may discern the discrepancy between these facts and their talk, and may give back happiness to the world by making peace with Russia, by granting food to the starving, and by ceasing to barter the souls of the new peoples for piles of imaginary gold?

In discussing this phase of the subject in the Senate on March 3rd, 1919, Senator France said:

> If only all of the nations of the earth could be formed into a liberal and progressive federation whose object should not be universal pacifism, for peace in itself may be, I say, a miserable end, but for justice and equal opportunity for advancement between nations, each so organized as to secure absolute equality of opportunity and social justice for each individual within the nation; then indeed would the dream of the centuries come true. But to form a league of less than all the nations, a league founded on material considerations, a league to carry on war after the war, a league not of purpose and of progress, but merely a league of passivity to preserve the status quo, a league designed and dominated by the reactionary ministers who have sought to suppress the expression of and hence do not represent the truly liberal thought of their respective countries, this would be but to repeat the crime which was committed a century ago at the disgraceful congress of Vienna.
>
> So far as I am concerned, and I believe I can speak with some confidence for many of the liberal and progressive thinkers of this and some of the other countries in this matter, I believe the formation of a league worked out in accordance with the conceptions of such reactionary ministers would be only to establish a new and perilous balance of power, which would invite fresh and perhaps final world disaster. Certain it is that so far as the liberals of America are concerned, they are looking with profound suspicion upon the proposal to establish such a league of nations as that to which the reactionaries of this country seem to be now so thoroughly committed.

The attitude of the conference toward such important questions as the freedom of the seas, disarmament and the self-determination of peoples, which should mean ultimately the dependent, as well as the independent, peoples of the world, has a decided bearing on the question of the status which is being created and which a League of Nations would tend to maintain, and therefore a most important bearing on the American attitude toward the League itself.

The President insists upon making the League a part of the Treaty of Peace. When we know definitely the kind of treaty which is to be proposed, it seems to me that we will know definitely what our attitude toward the League of Nations which is to stabilize that treaty should be. From what we already know, I, for one, am convinced that the President has receded from his position, as expressed in the fourteen points, that the contractual obligation created by the surrender of Germany on the basis of the fourteen points has been converted into a "scrap of paper," and that our acceptance of the League of Nations covenant would place our seal of approval upon and our national power behind the plans and purposes of the little group of reactionaries who have closeted themselves out of the sight of the world and out of touch with the new spirit which is in the world, to settle the destinies of the peoples.

America should not, in my opinion, ratify any League of Nations treaty, unless it is framed in a manner and in a spirit really calculated to usher in the brotherhood of all the nations.

R. W. FRANCE.

New York City.

Peace-Making in Carolina

SIR: I have recently received a publication which seems interesting enough to warrant my calling it to your attention. It is the report of a "Peace Conference" held at the University of North Carolina.

There is a class in the university known as English 21, a course in English composition under the direction of Dr. Edwin Greenlaw. Three months ago, this class was organized into a Peace Conference. Different groups were created to represent the various nations. The various issues of indemnities, boundaries and a League of Nations were investigated by the delegates of the different "nations," and a report was made to the conference as a whole. Here there was discussion—and a final settlement by vote. What the conference decided upon has been made into the pamphlet which attracted my attention.

I do not propose to compare North Carolina's peace settlement with what has been done in Paris (though, in my own judgment, North Carolina might stand the comparison). There are other conferences ahead of us. Doesn't the North Carolina plan provide a good pattern for other universities?

C. R. SAWYER.

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After the Play

WHEN people term The Jest a melodrama they pay melodrama an absurdly high compliment. The thing that gives melodrama its character is, I suppose, its false air of moral significance. Melodrama is platitude caught with the goods. Sem Benelli's play is not exactly saturated with moral pretension. It may be shallow, external, coarse and crude. I think it is. It may be soulless. But it has the extreme merit of offering no travesty of the soul. No travesty, that is, in the direction of edification. What travesty it offers in the direction of Italian fee-faw-fum, Italian rhetoric and ostentation, is quite another thing. In that direction, bereft of comedy, it goes an amazing distance. It is a stage jewel, if ever there was one. But the failure of The Jest to laugh at itself is no justification for the charge that it is a melodrama. Those who call it a melodrama are nearly all concealing the fact that they are shocked.

They ought to be shocked, because The Jest is shocking. It is definitely intended to excite the nerves of the spectator and to assuage him in lust and blood. What is described as the " dull " third act is simply an act inadequately sadistic. Sem Benelli keys up the cruelty so hard in the first and second acts that the third is tame by comparison. But the situation is redeemed in the fourth, which is soused in actual blood. In the first and second we merely have descriptions of it, " vengeance like a scarlet blossom," hearts torn out " smoking from their bodies," and various other happy references to gore. But in the end we are splattered with it. Not enlisted for pity, as we should be in tragedy, we get genuine terror in the climax. The fact that Neri is tricked into killing his brother is serious enough, but the reappearance of half-naked Neri, knife in hand and blood-drenched mantle streaming from his arm, is ingeniously calculated to make the audience gasp. Gasp it does. All the fighting and biting that went before is nothing to this scarlet centrepiece. Signor Benelli quite rightly stops here and declares his innings.

There is nothing shocking, of course, about Blood-In-Itself or a most liberal theatrical use of it. Why not blood? And there is nothing shocking about artists and courtesans and braggarts, catapulted by their instincts into vehement love and hate. Why, then, should anyone be shocked by the frank sensuality of Benelli? Certainly if his characters are genuine they have a right to their passions, pleasant or unpleasant, red or white. My own objection is based on a feeling that Signor Benelli contrives his characters to produce what he considers desirable and thrilling situations, the sadism of those situations being the real source of the thrill. It is shocking (I speak for my own sensation) to have all this splash and crash without any precipitation of character, without the perfect thrill of life penetrated or ascertained. That is where The Jest seems meretricious. From the start Neri is a given type, the arrogant swaggering soldier. Giannetto is the sensitive plant from whom fair Ginevra is stolen by the fighting man. The so-called drama consists altogether in the exterior game: How shall Giannetto, the quailing coward, get the best of Neri, the man of blood? By a wager, a trap, a deception. And then, after Neri is flung into prison as a madman and Ginevra is seduced away from him and Neri's brother is in turn lured to her, a new ruse once more deceives the man of blood. The " drama " consists in these ingenuities and the color intertwined, and the criss-crossing of known types of character. But how little revelation there is. Ginevra is a fishmonger's daughter who deals in love. She kisses when embraced, squeals when frightened, flees when feloniosuly assaulted. Sensible and comely, but not quite able to dissociate love from the fish business. A man's woman, in the limited sense. Neri is a brute, infuriated by the man he has injured and destroyed by that man's artifice. It is the artifice, not the revelation, that amuses the dramatist. He is only a little interested in Neri's personal attitude. He never suggests that Neri could be intrigued except by circumstance. So with Giannetto. He is a creature inflexibly dedicated to revenge. The artifice of his revenge alone fascinates Sem Benelli. It is a long approach by which Giannetto winds himself through the obstacles of his fear before he can strike at Neri and drive his fangs into Neri's throat. This sinuous process of an evil will is counted on to absorb the audience. Signor Benelli savors it deliciously and provokes its enjoyment by every art at his command. But the inventiveness is rather too apparent. The cruelties are served too raw.

Being soulless, in this sense, and therefore shocking in its disregard of humanity, The Jest is still much more brilliantly sensational than most plays in this part of the world. It is unfortunate that Mr. John Barrymore does not follow the example of his dramatist in declining to give Giannetto a soul. Mr. Barrymore tries hard to intone a soul into this outraged wretch, and the result is mainly labored rhetoric. The effect of over-emphasis is fatal in a sensational play, and while Mr. John Barrymore is fairly resourceful in miming he loads his lines with a significance that Shakespeare himself does not possess. The welkin rings, but not the bell. It is an invented personality reduced almost to the absurd by a monotonous intensity. If it were played less fortissimo, the impoverishment of the characterization would seem less probable. Mr. Lionel Barrymore plays the rambunctious Neri with not much more variety of tone but with decidedly more variety of pace and mood. He gives swirl and verve and color to the Mud-Blood-and-Oaths idea of a soldier, and he eats fire with a gusto that no audience can resist. In his dungeon-cell he has the dark necessity of passing in review a few of the women he has ruined. This scene requires Miss Gilda Varesi to outscream all the previous screamings of the play, and it ends in a rough-and-tumble fight. Even here, however, Mr. Lionel Barrymore gives much more sense of character than anyone else, unless it be Mr. E. J. Ballantine as Giannetto's faithful dwarf.

The one man who has grasped his full opportunity in The Jest is Mr. Robert Edmond Jones. It is true that his lighting is not fastidious. The spotlight is grossly lavished on Giannetto. But this excess is in contrast with the fineness and splendor of feeling exhibited in every other detail. The dungeon is incarnated in one huge thickly shadowed pillar, to which Neri, looking like John the Baptist, is basely chained. The rugose pillar speaks infinitely of the damp and fetid cell. The luminous blue sky on the other hand, speaks richly of Ginevra's sumptuous life, especially when the madrigal floats to her window in an interval when she indulges her fancies. Neri's entrance by that window, a clenched fist struck through the serenity of the sky, is a perfection of Mr. Jones's dramatic art. Where one so often desired that Sem Benelli would be less imposing, one accepted joyfully Mr. Jones's Italian resources. The gesture of form and color seemed real and beautiful, as against the fustian of the deeds. Not that the Barrymores failed to revive one's conviction that acting is an art, only that Mr. Jones commanded a medium more obedient to his superb imagination.

F. H.

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Books and Things

IT is easy, if you suppress one fact, to give a truthful and thoroughly misleading account of The Arrow of Gold (Doubleday, Page & Company).

The scene of this "story between two notes" is Marseilles. The time is the middle seventies of the nineteenth century, when Don Carlos was making his last attempt to gain the Spanish throne. The hero is a young lover of the sea, never known to us by his right name, but only as Monsieur George, who spends a year in the service of the Carlists. From Marseilles, his headquarters, he carries arms and ammunition by water to various points on the Spanish coast. The heroine is Rita, a Spanish girl, who gives herself to the Carlist cause.

Knowing this, the only other thing you need to know is in what proportion the author has divided The Arrow of Gold between scenes of danger on the Spanish coast, scenes of Carlist intrigue, and love scenes.

Add the one fact I have suppressed, that The Arrow of Gold is by Joseph Conrad, and it is obvious that I have been describing the book in words which may be true but which are certainly misleading.

Gun-running, although the story is told by Monsieur George, the gun-runner, occupies very few of Mr. Conrad's pages. "One night as we were lying on a bit of dry sand under the lee of a rock, side by side, watching the light of our little vessel dancing away at sea in the windy distance, Dominic spoke suddenly to me." A few touches of this kind, enough to make one feel the sea and the danger and the darkness—Dominic himself, George's lieutenant—this is nearly all we ever learn about the gun-running. And Mr. Conrad gives us almost no Carlist intrigue.

Monsieur George, young as he is, has been at the centre of intrigues before this, has played other dangerous games at sea before he came to Marseilles, and a good part of the rest of his life, we gather, is given to adventure. What could be more natural than his forgetfulness of other things, of these most exciting and desperate unimportant things, when he sits down late in life to recall that year which began at Marseilles, and which was filled to the brim by his love for Doña Rita? We believe in this love, we measure its strength by George's nearness to forgetting his secret voyages, his risky landings at night, his comrades in danger.

Yet The Arrow of Gold is less a love story than a portrait, a portrait of Doña Rita, whom Mr. Conrad delineates by a great variety of means, by letting us see her and hear her talk, by letting us hear what several men and one woman say about her, and, most effectively of all, by showing us the effect she produces on other beings, by the conflicts between what they say about her and what they feel.

Captain Blunt, for example, the American who fought on his own side, the losing side, in our Civil War, and who is living by his sword in Europe, "catholique et gentilhomme," as he calls himself. He talks at length of Doña Rita, tells the story of her life "as though he were inventing it all rather angrily," is in love with her, is jealous, is tortured by the thought of her loving any one else, is distracted by the scruples which tell him he ought not to marry her even if she would have him. Not only is she rich and he poor, but her money came to her from a man whose mistress she was, and with whom she lived until he died.

Captain Blunt is a fantastic figure, to me not quite credible, put together with patience and knowledge, into whom not even Mr. Conrad, great creator of men and women, has succeeded in breathing the breath of life. But Captain Blunt's scruples exist and have their reason. It is partly because Doña Rita understands these scruples, because she appreciates their force, that she will not let George give his life to her. Mr. Conrad never tells us this; he does better, he makes us realize it without being told.

Doña Rita has other reasons for giving herself to George for no more than six months, and then for taking the gift away. A past much earlier than the years in which she lived with Henry Allègre, and more formative, counts for much more in her judgment upon herself. She was a goatherd in early childhood, spending her days on bare and lonely hills in northern Spain. "There were no looking-glasses in the Presbytery but uncle had a piece not bigger than my two hands for his shaving. One Sunday I crept into his room and had a peep at myself. And wasn't I startled to see my own eyes looking at me! But it was fascinating, too. I was about eleven years old then, and I was very friendly with the goats, and I was as shrill as a cicada and as slender as a match." When she was about this age a terror which she cannot name came upon her, which she has never understood wholly, but which has done much to make her the kind of woman she does not want any man she loves to marry. A boy, a cousin, two or three years older than herself, finds her on the hills one day, plagues and tortures her for two months, disappears, has threatened her ever since. The something sadistic in that cousin's behavior has left its mark on her, has left a stain which she loathes and does not understand, has left her in dread. Because of this childhood memory she fights against love when it comes near. Quite worthy of Mr. Conrad is the manner in which this complex is resolved, in which the sinister and absurd cousin, whom she had laughed at even when he most terrified her, ceases at last to be sinister and becomes only absurd.

Doña Rita remembers her relation to this cousin as having been on her side a little treacherous, made treacherous by her terror. But in every other relation of life what most stands out is "her ineradicable honesty." In Mr. Conrad's portrait of Doña Rita his greatest achievement is the absoluteness of our belief in her straightness and sincerity. But she has many other traits, among which it is a boyish gaiety that colors the progress of her love for George. She has, I think, too many traits for Mr. Conrad, whose genius is more apparent in the creation of simpler and more mysterious characters. As I think of the book, after finishing it, I find myself wondering whether Mr. Conrad did not imagine the separate traits more vividly than he did their relation, whether, in other words, her character, admirably vivid though she is at many different moments, ever lived quite intensely enough as a whole in his imagination.

Doña Rita will, I dare say, long divide Mr. Conrad's readers into those who wholly believe in her, and those who regret, as I do, that Mr. Conrad's will and intelligence counted for too much in her making. But about a minor character, Rita's sister Therese, there will never, I am sure, be more than one opinion. Therese is the kind of woman Mr. Conrad calls into existence whenever his genius has its way. She is simple and sinister, not to be forgotten.

The Arrow of Gold is one of Mr. Conrad's few open-faced novels. It is one of his least subtly impleached narratives. In none of his books is inanimate nature less an accessory to the making of destiny. Seldom has his profound knowledge of human nature seemed so little disquieting. Seldom has his moral insight more easily substituted itself for our moral blindness. And the end of the story is a moral surprise. It ends once, and we say "that is the right ending." It ends again, and we change our minds.

P. L.

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What is Religion?

The New Orthodoxy, by Edward Scribner Ames. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

MOST of my acquaintances have no religion. That is to say, they are no longer in any conceivable sense orthodox. They are, if anything, anti-orthodox. And they never dream of going to church. A few of them, whose businesses keep them in small communities, do break this rule, but they go to church on the same principle that politicians kiss babies or savages rub noses or salesladies wear high heels. It is to prove they are regular fellows. Away from the inglorious need of being regular fellows, the need of placating the herd instinct of their community, they willingly disclose their indifference to religion. They think and talk of it as something connected with church-going, something forced and tedious and unreal, like paying amiable visits to censorious relatives. They associate religion with flaccid men and women who wear birds in their hats. All the hypocrisy and ritual of small-beer, brownstone existence, all the droning dreariness of men dressed like undertakers, all the repressive severity of teachers and monitors—these things they identify with the religion from which they have fled. When they think of it at all, they think of Edmund Gosse and Samuel Butler, of The Way of All Flesh and Father and Son. Those books, still aching after the splinter had been removed, express their inmost heart. Perhaps occasionally they knew what it was to experience a warm wave of happiness in connection with religion, such as Tolstoi so wonderfully communicates in his descriptions of the Russian Easter. Those ardors, however, could never compensate for the chain-gang conformity of church-membership. Religion to most of my acquaintances remains the synonym for a house of bondage. Once they outgrew the subordinations of youth they spontaneously, joyfully, cast religion aside.

Between the orthodox religious writer and such people as these, there can be no bond whatever. The religious writer may shout, but he is shouting into a disconnected telephone. If there is any connection to be made, it must be made on new lines and in a new spirit. And it is this simple fact that a writer like Mr. Edward Scribner Ames perceives. He is himself religiously alive, a writer on orthodoxy, but he lifts himself completely away from the support of churchgoers and talks of religion in terms of the non-churchgoer. Whatever the attitude of the non-churchgoer, he can scarcely help being excited by Mr. Ames's interpretation. Perhaps, after all, religion is not so objectionably occult.

As Mr. Ames presents it, it is not in the least occult. He is still a Christian, still in a sense Biblical, but he leaves the humanitarian greatly in doubt as to where the humanitarian inclinations definitely leave off and the religious inclinations begin. God hovers around Mr. Ames's conception, but only as a kind of symbol for the vital spark. "We are God and you are God and all are God as God can be." It is vague but Mr. Ames's words are vague: "He is the Soul of the world in which all other selves live and move and have their being." The personality of Jesus is more intelligibly defined. "Men are at their best when striving for fuller life, for more adequate knowledge, and a larger measure of justice. God is love; the serving, suffering, healing love which binds men together in nations and kindreds and leagues of peace for the common good. . . . 'The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the fact of Jesus Christ' is the great reality to Christians. The warmth and comfort and contentment which Christianity affords may be found largely in that fact." In him God comes near and takes the form we can grasp and utilize. In practical religious life men easily feel themselves in the presence of God when they recall his face . . . due to long training and practice in associating Christ with all that they feel and respect as divine."

The word "utilize" is the pregnant word in this connection. To Mr. Ames, it must be noted, the Bible is simply "a collection of writings reflecting the history of a religiously gifted people in their growth or aspirations" (or, as Mr. Santayana ironically puts it, "an ancient Jewish encyclopaedia, often eloquent, often curious, and often barbarous"). Therefore the important fact is not the theological significance of the Bible. It is the fact that, by "utilizing" the personality of Jesus, men can cooperate for good. Mr. Ames is not much excited about theology. He seems, indeed, to regard theology as rather in a class with astrology. The essence of religion, as he makes it out, is "reverence for life," "love of our fellow-men," "faith," and both Catholicism and Protestantism are anti-vital, over-institutional and superstitious. "The highest type of religion today is that which has the finest devotion to the most adequate ideal of life," and on this score he recommends organization; but it is organization for "the intelligence and beauty and efficiency of the life of a great social order," rather than for worship and abasement. The new drama is a drama of self-help. "The divine is no more separate and aloof. It is within and organic with the human. We surrender the old contrast of the human and the divine, not by eliminating either one to retain the other, but by insisting that life as we find it has in it the warmth and intimacy of the human and also the dynamic and the outreach of the divine. Life is in this respect all of a piece, varied and intricate, but undivided."

This is inspiring, especially as it gets rid of sin. But is it religion? Dr. Charles W. Eliot said very much the same things ten years ago in his lecture on the religion of the future, and he received a good deal of lofty criticism. Mr. Santayana has denied religion to a similar "new" orthodoxy in his extraordinarily suggestive book, Winds of Doctrine. "The modernist view," Santayana said, "the view of a sympathetic rationalism, revokes the whole Jewish tradition on which Christianity is grafted; it takes the seriousness out of religion; it sweetens the pang of sin, which becomes misfortune; it removes the agency of salvation; it steals empirical reality away from the last judgment, from hell, and from heaven; it steals historical reality away from the Christ of religious tradition and personal devotion. The moral summons and the prophecy about destiny which were the soul of the gospel have lost all force for it and become fables. . . . The modernist wishes to reconcile the church and the world. Therein he forgets what Christianity came into the world to announce and why its message was believed. It came to announce salvation from the world; there should be no more need of just those things which the modernist so deeply loves and respects and blushes that his church should not be adorned with—emancipated science, free poetic religion, optimistic politics, and dissolute art. These things, according to the Christian conscience, were all vanity and vexation of spirit, and the pagan world itself almost confessed as much. They were vexatious and vain because they were bred out of sin, out of ignoring the inward and the revealed law of God; and they would lead surely and quickly to destruction. The needful salvation from these follies, Christianity went on to announce, had come through the cross of Christ; whose

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grace, together with admission to his future heavenly kingdom, was offered freely to such as believed in him, separated themselves from the world, and lived in charity, humility, and innocence, waiting lamp in hand for the celestial bridegroom. These abstracted and elected spirits were the true disciples of Christ and the church itself."

What is there of this traditional religiousness in Mr. Ames? Or Dr. Eliot? Both of them belittle it. "The modern man," says Dr. Eliot, "would hardly feel any appreciable loss of motive-power toward good or away from evil if heaven were burnt and hell quenched." This looks like a break with the traditional, but here the opportunism of new orthodoxy becomes evident. Those who have religion or the religious impulse must not be scorned. To "utilize" their impulse for a great social order is vastly important. "The great mass of the people," in Dr. Eliot's words, "remain attached to the traditional churches, and are likely to remain so,—partly because of their tender associations with churches in the grave crises of life, and partly because their actual mental condition still permits them to accept the beliefs they have inherited or been taught while young. The new religion will therefore make but slow progress, so far as outward organization goes. It will, however, progressively modify the creeds and religious practices of all the existing churches, and change their symbolism and their teachings concerning the conduct of life. Since its chief doctrine is the doctrine of a sublime unity of substance, force, and spirit, and its chief precept is, Be Serviceable, it will exercise a strong uniting influence among men."

Perhaps so. But Mr. Santayana is exceedingly acute, in my opinion, in showing that the sanctions which attach to Catholicism cannot easily be switched to the religion of the future or the new orthodoxy on the simple plea of "service," even if the opportunist is ever so well intentioned. Service is a mere by-product of the old religion. The main preoccupation of the old religion is the next life. All it really asks is, Where do we go from here? That is what gives "salvation" its significance. We are bound to pray and work for salvation because this world is but the ante-chamber of eternity. Hence unworldliness, and other-worldliness.

Mr. Ames appears to ignore this problem of the next life, and thus, it seems to me, leaves Mr. Santayana in possession of the field. But Mr. Ames does start one's mind working on the best answer to the other-worlders. Are we really at the other side of a Venetian blind, God watching us without our being able to see Him? Have we really been born for immortality? The point to dwell on, I suppose, is the strictly man-made character of such religion as pretends to answer these questions. We call these large hypotheses "supernatural," but they were hypothesized by an ordinary human being, the usual six feet from the ground. If Mr. Santayana posits a "next" world, it is open to the anti-orthodox to retort that such a theory is not half so humanly efficacious for ethics as a more local social theory, and therefore, as L. T. Hobhouse observes, "instead of supernatural religion being the basis of ethics, ethics becomes the test to which such religion must submit." It is for the new orthodox, one conceives, to give up supernaturalism altogether, to insist that "the relative value of the creeds is measured by their ethical efficacy, and the ethical consciousness is seen to be the only firm point of departure for any attempt at a spiritual interpretation of nature." On such a plea, I imagine, most of my anti-religious acquaintances would become tolerant of religion and even interested in the "religious" scheme by which they might learn to transcend their meaner selves. F. H.

The Ivory Tower—I

The New Era in American Poetry, by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE critic of poetry who is also a poet is apt to be the most interesting and the most unreliable of critics. He is interesting, because his contact with contemporary poetry is intimate and emotional rather than, as in the case of the somewhat hypothetical judicial critic, merely speculative and coolly selective. He is vitally concerned with the success or failure of this or that particular strain of work. This makes for warmth in his criticism, and for that sort of intensity of perception which an enthusiasm will focus on a small area. But it makes, also, for unreliability as concerns matters which lie outside of that focus. This unreliability will be diminished, of course, in the degree in which the critic is aware of his bias and makes allowance for it. Even so, it cannot be removed.

Mr. Untermeyer, who has now coordinated in a book his reviews of contemporary poetry, is a pretty good specimen of this kind of critic; and it seems appropriate that his book should be reviewed by one of his own species, and, in particular, by one who for the most part has opposed and been opposed by Mr. Untermeyer at every turn. Mr. Untermeyer and his reviewer share, of course, certain likes and dislikes: their respective circles have, as would be inevitable, a considerable area in common. But in the main they reflect tendencies which are antagonistic, and it would perhaps be in the interests of poetic justice that these should be frankly confessed.

Mr. Untermeyer's evolution has been interesting. Leaving out of account his parodies, his first books were a volume of sentimental and traditional love poems and a volume of lyrics having the title Challenge and pretty well infused with the doctrine, popular a few years ago, of the "red blood" school. Both books revealed Mr. Untermeyer as essentially a conservative poet; one who did not by nature love to experiment; one who, indeed, felt no compulsion towards any kind of artistic innovation, for the patent reason that he had nothing particularly new or intransigeantly individual to say. Any traces of radicalism he possessed were either in the shape of this "red-blooded Americanism," a sort of localized "I am the master of my fate;" or in the shape of social radicalism, a desire for a more democratic, or shall I say, more socialistic, kind of democracy. The chances are that if he had been left undisturbed Mr. Untermeyer would have continued to write, proficiently and lustily enough, on these themes. . . But Mr. Untermeyer, like many another conservative poet, was not to be left undisturbed. It was his misfortune that there were radicals maturing; and beginning about 1911 these revolutionaries began throwing their bombs into the aesthetic arena with deadly effect. The world of letters was destined for rapid changes. Masefield and Gibson first appeared, then the Georgians, then our realists Masters and Frost, then the Imagists, and Amy Lowell, and Sandburg; and finally the nomadic and unprincipled tribe of Others.

It is to Mr. Untermeyer's credit that in this pandemonium, so distressingly not of his own choosing, he managed to keep his feet. He was sturdy and intelligent; and if he could not precisely hope to lead this somewhat capriciously enthusiastic mob, he at any rate succeeded in following it, with considerable discernment, and at no great distance. . . The successes of these radicals, however, left him in an uncomfortable position. Oddly enough, Mr. Unter-

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meyer had conceived himself to be somewhat radical—he had, I daresay, seen himself, (which of us has not?) as an intrepid explorer of dark continents; and it nonplussed him a little to find his radicalism all of a sudden so nakedly vieux jeu. But he lacked neither courage nor adaptability. It was not long before he had begun, as a poet, to bring himself up to date, to vary the length of his lines a bit, and, as a critic, to fight vigorously and keenly for ideals wisely, though perhaps a little grudgingly, modified. The first horrible chaos cleared up quickly enough; and Mr. Untermeyer was soon in possession of a consistent and well-edged policy.

This policy he now puts before us in his survey of contemporary American poetry. It is, as we should expect, an elaboration and broadening of the principles underlying his own two early books; his chief tenets are Americanism, lustihood, glorification of reality (facing of the world of fact) democracy (a word which few of his pages lack) and, of course, the postponed, though not to be omitted, inevitable beauty. These tenets he works hard, particularly those of Americanism, lustihood and democracy. These are, indeed, his touchstones. It is "Americanism" he sees, above all, in Masters, Frost, Robinson, even Amy Lowell; it is "democracy" he sees above all, in Giovannitti, Wood, Oppenheim, Sandburg, Brody, Lola Ridge; and it is chiefly for their manifestation of these qualities that, apparently, Mr. Untermeyer accords these poets the place of honor in his book, and, ipso facto, the place of honor in contemporary poetry. Poetry, according to Mr. Untermeyer "is expressing itself once more in the terms of democracy. This democracy is two-fold: a democracy of the spirit and a democracy of speech. This is the unifying quality that connects practically all of the poets with whom I propose to deal; it intensifies what is their inherent Americanism; and it charges their varied art with a native significance. . ." Art, our critic goes on to say is a community expression: away, therefore, with the pernicious doctrine of "art for art's sake"; and down with the ivory tower. Art has a human function to perform. It has no right to cloister itself, to preoccupy itself solely with beauty.

Well, these ideas are appealing, they have their precise value. Let us grant in particular the rightness, and indeed the commonplace inevitability, of the fact that periodically a literature will renew itself by a descent into the Bethesda well of demotic speech. We may go even further, and say that from the sociological viewpoint nothing can be more interesting than the reflection of social changes and social hungers in literature. But, here, I think, we must pause. The implications become a trifle ominous. Are we to conclude from these premises that art is any the less art because it fails to satisfy a contemporary hunger for this or that social change? Are we to conclude that art is any the more richly art because it bears conspicuously and consciously the label "Made in America"? Is Poe to be judged, as an artist, inferior to Whitman because he is less nationalistic or less preoccupied with social consciousness? Or, indeed, —since Mr. Untermeyer really raises the question,—is such an art as Poe's, which as well as any illustrates the virtues and defects of the theory of art for art's sake, a whit the less a form of community expression, a whit the less satisfying to the human hunger for articulation, than such an art as Mr. Untermeyer seems to favor?

These questions, it seems to me, can intelligently be answered only in the negative. It is at this point that the line of cleavage between the tendencies for which Mr. Untermeyer stands and those for which his reviewer stands become most sharply apparent. For Mr. Untermeyer's book answers all these questions, by implication, in the affirmative. I do not mean that he dispenses with the aesthetic approach altogether in his appraisal of contemporary poets: his aesthetic approach I shall come to later. But I do mean that Mr. Untermeyer allows nationalistic and sociological considerations to play an equal part with the aesthetic. To put it curtly, he likes poetry with a message,—poetry which is, politically, from his viewpoint, on the right side. Surely he must perceive the shortsightedness and essential viciousness of this? Social ideas are local and temporary: they change like the fashions, the materials with which they deal are always in flux, and the odds are great that what is a burning issue today will be a familiar fact, and the occasion of a yawn, tomorrow. These are, from the standpoint of the artist, mere superficialities: if they are to be touched they must be touched lightly, tangentially grazed. It is not to the political odes of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Swinburne, that we most joyously turn in rereading those poets. And the social problems of Shelley's Revolt of Islam merely excite our curiosity.

Here, then, lies the greatest fault of Mr. Untermeyer's book. This bias has harmfully deflected it from the very outset, it has cast into undue prominence the work of Oppenheim, Giovannitti, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Alter Brody; it has put a wrong emphasis on the work of Sandburg; and, per contra, it has thrown into a shadow by no means deserved the work of such poets as do not, in Mr. Untermeyer's opinion, fulfil their social contracts,—such poets as T. S. Eliot, John Gould Fletcher, Wallace Stevens, Maxwell Bodenheim, the Imagists, and the entire strain in poetry for which they inconspicuously stand, the strain which we indicate when we use the phrase "art for art's sake." The work of the latter poets is not, in bulk, great: their positions are not, as concerns reputation, secure. Yet I think there can be no question that all of them have given us poems which, judged as works of art, are clearly finer, and more universal in appeal, than anything as yet given us by Oppenheim, Giovannitti, Wood, or Brody. The latter four are, in fact—with all due allowance made for their vitality, sincerity, and frequent skill—simply, viewed as artists, mediocre. Mere energy will not save them. It is indeed open to question whether they do not deserve the same indictment as thinkers; as deliverers of the "message." And to honor them as copiously as Mr. Untermeyer honors them is in a measure to derogate from the true value of those among whom they are placed—Frost, Masters, Amy Lowell, and Robinson.

But this sociological and nationalistic bias, while it is the prime factor in Mr. Untermeyer's error, is not the only one. It will not completely diagnose Mr. Untermeyer's case; it will not alone explain his too enthusiastic preferences, his too acrimonious antipathies. Let us revert for a moment to his love of the art that bears a message. This hunger carries with it in Mr. Untermeyer's mind homologous hungers in the spheres of metaphysics and aesthetics, hungers which reveal themselves as clearly in his poetry as in his criticism. His interests are, in short,—as was indicated earlier,—primitively naive; he is oratorically assertive, a trifle consciously robust; and quite aside, therefore, from questions of social ethics, his predilections in poetry are for the unflinchingly masculine, the explicitly affirmative (what Nietzsche termed the "yea-saying"), the triumphantly and not too reflectively acceptant; the vigorous, in short, rather than the cerebral or oblique or disillusioned, the enthusiastic and downright or sanely sentimental rather than the interpretative or analytic or psychologically tenuous.

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And here we come upon the matter of Mr. Untermeyer's aesthetic equipment, and pitch at once, flatly, upon his very serious limitations. Within these limitations Mr. Untermeyer has, if we recall his two first volumes of verse, grown remarkably; he has extended his sympathies further than one might have hoped. But, at the critical point, they fail. Beyond the delicately overtoned lyrics of de la Mare, unconventionally conventional in form, relatively simple in range, or, on the other hand, beyond the matter-of-fact incisive satires of Spoon River, or the slightly too smoothly turned etchings of Robinson, they cannot reach. And, unfortunately for Mr. Untermeyer, it is precisely in these two directions that the fruit-work is being done. In the former direction it gives us the work of H. D., of Pound, (at his best), of Fletcher, of Stevens, of Bodenheim; in the latter, that of Eliot, Kreymborg, Masters, (his later vein), and, tentatively, that of various contributors to Others. What these two groups have in common is the fact that they are both after a kind of absolute poetry —a poetry which delivers no message, is imbued with no doctrine, a poetry which exists only for the sake of magic,— magic of beauty on the one hand, magic of reality on the other, but both struck at rather through a play of implication than through matter-of-fact statement. This sort of poetry is of course unmoral and unsociological. It is not idolatrous: the circumstances, the emotions, out of which it springs, are its instruments, merely, the musical strings on which it strikes, not the items in a conscious ritual. It is the be-all and end-all of such poetry that it should be a perfectly formed and felt work of art: and the greater the elaboration and subtlety consistent with such perfection the more inexhaustible will it be, the longer it will endure. Unhappily for us and for Mr. Untermeyer, this type of poetry merely excites his animosity. When it is in the Fletcher-Bodenheim-Stevens vein he grants its skilful use of word-color, but is distressed by its apparent emptiness; when it is in the Eliot-Kreymborg-Williams vein he is annoyed by its tenuousness, baffled by its elusive use of introspection; and he takes refuge in terming it decadent, or effeminate, or morbid. It is not sufficiently affirmative for Mr. Untermeyer: it does not obviously enough encourage him to believe in God, or in the divinity of man, or in the rightness of democracy, or in the beauty and immortality of life. Mr. Untermeyer suspects it of a kind of negativism. It is not frank with him, will not state its text with sufficient candor. Moreover one suspects in Mr. Untermeyer's reiterated denials of anything "new" in such work, as well as in his use of such phrases as "self-adulatory radicalism" the survival of some injury to a new hopelessly overborne belief that he is a radical himself.

It is, in other words, precisely the finer note in contemporary poetry which Mr. Untermeyer most completely misses. For two-thirds of the gamut his perceptions are, if not subtle, at any rate sound. His discussions of Frost, Robinson, Amy Lowell, Masters, are adequate, sometimes penetrating; though it would be a mistake to call them profound or to imply that Mr. Untermeyer deals more than superficially with the many aesthetic problems they raise. He says good things too, of Lindsay and Sandburg, even of Fletcher, Bodenheim and Kreymborg. But the conditions are adverse. He has not succeeded in detaching himself sufficiently from the here and now; and in consequence his examination of contemporary poetry, though ably written for the most part, is not wisely proportioned, nor intelligently discriminative, and it is subject, therefore, to rather savage revisals at the hands of time. Twenty years from now will these eulogistic chapters on Wood, Giovanitti, Wheelock, Brody, look perhaps a trifle odd by comparison with the cavalier and extremely incidental treatment accorded to such poets as Fletcher or Eliot?

If so, I think we have laid bare the reasons. Art is art, —not sociology, not philosophy. It may well use these things (and it may well be the richer for using them) but it cannot serve them. The best art is seldom doctrinaire; and when it is, the doctrine soon becomes the least vital element in it, important, perhaps, only for having supplied the initial impulse. And, moreover, art grows. It thrusts forward tentacles in new directions, develops new sensibilities. It is forever extending the sphere of man's consciousness. And it will do no good for the critic to deny this, or to call such advances meaningless.

It remains to say that in a sense Mr. Untermeyer's book is one for which we have been waiting: it is the only comprehensive survey we have had; it covers the ground thoroughly; it is always entertaining, frequently informative. The only regret of the present reviewer (who, it must be remembered, is as parti pris in one direction as Mr. Untermeyer in another) is that so able a writer should be guided by principles so specious and biasses so obvious; should so seldom get down, as it were, to aesthetic fundamentals; so seldom analyse aesthetically our successes and failures; and so largely limit himself to the pungently descriptive, to a consideration, merely, of the more superficial aspects of contemporary poetry. . . To which of course the answer is, curtly, "de gustibus."

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Ivory Tower—II

IN a review of my The New Era in American Poetry, Conrad Aiken has raised several puzzling and two fundamental questions. And, as his bias is frankly expressed and even more frankly acknowledged, it is fitting that, coming from his antagonist, there should be an equally resolute and prejudiced reply. Not, I hasten to add, by way of personal rejoinder. The conflict is caused not so much by a dispute in preferences and matters of taste as by the direct impact of two opposed theories—the difference not merely between two religions but, what is usually productive of far greater violence, the manner of worship. Roughly generalizing, the two tendencies might be summed up as the aesthetic policy in art and the humanist approach toward it. So when Mr. Aiken beats all the old gongs (and a few new ones) in defense of "art for art's sake," he only makes me plant my feet firmer in what Chesterton has called an "art for life's sake" attitude. I find myself saying querulously that Mr. Aiken mistakes the flicker for the flame; that, cloistered in his aesthetic preoccupations, he does not understand the struggle for self-expression in America; or that, half-understanding it, he grants it only to those whose work has something of the tired delicacy of his own, or confuses it, when it is not to his liking, with "nationalism"; that he does not seem to know that even political ideas (from Aristophanes's The Archanians to Markham's The Man With the Hoe) have a definite place in poetry; and that. . . But these are surface irritations; the issue goes deeper.

The fundamental error with the apostles for the "art for art's sake" theory is first, their over-emphasis on the surface rather than the soul of an art; second, their neglect of the regrettable but necessary human element. They talk of a "pure" or "absolute" art, of an "olympian disinterest," forgetting that man comes to his creation dragging

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all his impurities, backgrounds and earthly origins with him. The artist, on fire to make something, cares little even for his art; he is concerned chiefly with what he has to say. His manner of expression is usually fortuitous and always secondary. When it assumes, as it does in the mind of Mr. Aiken, primary importance, it is accompanied by work that is technically adroit, fastidious, often sensitive but more often precious and, in the best sense, artificial. This is the true minor note and it is here that decadence begins. The over-nice preoccupation with shades, the elaborate analysis of a spent emotion, the false emphasis on half-lights or a novel technique lead inevitably to The Yellow Book, to the mere verbal legerdemain of the Pound-Stevens-Arensberg-Others, and finally to such incredible hoaxes on these same "intelligentsia" as the climactic Spectra. Mr. Aiken seems to believe that form, instead of being only a carrier, a medium, is an art in itself; he does not make clear, if he believes it, that new modes in music, painting, poetry, are no more "revolutionary" than new clothes; that the writer who desires chiefly to create a pattern is one who cares principally for a fashion, the least enduring thing in life. Finally Mr. Aiken (and it is here that our differences reach their greatest antipathy) rates the conscious craftsman above the intuitive and only half-conscious creator—the artisan above the artist.

For the craftsman, intent on style, polish, finesse, is free to assume a disdain, curl the lip of his rhyme, make his work express his own inhibitions and disillusion. But the artist is more of a child; illusion buoys him up; a naive assurance sweeps him on. A belief in the beauty and immortality of life, a belief so neatly scorned by Mr. Aiken, possesses him and is at the heart of his fullest achievement. No major art has ever existed and, with a few brilliant exceptions, no art-work has survived that has not been built on faith—and the effort to make that faith visible or audible has produced great persons as well as great painters, musicians, poets. It would be interesting to know if Mr. Aiken really believes that there is permanence in a poetry that is merely "perfectly formed" and that "the greater the elaboration and subtlety, the more inexhaustible will it be, the longer will it endure." I would like Mr. Aiken to name a trifling half-dozen "inexhaustible" and "enduring" poems that have been written on this formula and, after naming them, to say whether he believes they rank with the imperfect and far from elaborate poetry of Heine, Herrick, Villon, Blake, Shakespeare, Shelley, Burns, Wordsworth, Whitman.

All art is fundamentally the very thing that Mr. Aiken deprecates in my attitude: an unconquerable affirmation, a striving to confirm some sort of God or find one in oneself. One feels in works like Bach's St. Matthew's Passion, in Michelangelo's Moses and Dante's Inferno not merely a basic spirituality, but a majesty of conception possible only in a confidence of soul.

And in the search for such a confirmation it is almost imperative, because of the very difficulty of definition, to be as straightforward with the reader as with one's self; one cannot capture the undying fire (I thank Mr. Wells for teaching me that phrase) with equivocal tropes and skillful evasions. The greatest creators, if Mr. Aiken will recall, have been "frank," have actually "stated their text with sufficient candor." The great workers are simple and direct, "never" as Whitman said, "secret or obscure." It is only those who have little to give who lay such stress on their aesthetics, who spend so much of their slight gift in exercising the cliché and worshipping the nuance. Despair, hate, longing, any hunger may prompt a poem. And the emotion will, in the hands of a genuine creator, find words. But the tendency to reverse the process; to make words find an emotion or take the place of one is, if Mr. Aiken will allow me, the negative and nugatory impulse so prevalent in the "absolute" poetry which he admires.

Finally there is a decadence, much as Mr. Aiken dislikes the word, not only in subject matter but in approach: in the attitude that appraises the values in life chiefly as aesthetic values. And this decadence leads, through elaborate technical or intellectual subtleties, into a cultural weariness, an imaginative sterility. "Atrophy of the aesthetic values is bound to follow the loss or stunting by an artist of other values." (I am brazenly quoting from an old article in the New Republic). "Real feeling consequently becomes rarer, and the artist descends to trivialities of observation, vagaries of assertion, or mere bravado of standards and expression—pure tilting at convention." The history of literature, from the Hebrew prophets and Greek dramatists to our own indigenous poets like Frost and Robinson, is a record that shows art to be not, as the literary aristogogues believe, a specializing of shades, an analysis of nuances but a glorified communication, a sharing of life.

On the whole, although the temptation to keep on quarreling with my reviewer is great, I must concede the basic sincerity and, with the exception of a few minor but irritating inaccuracies, the fair-play of his opposition. But there is one charge that Mr. Aiken reiterates that is scarcely founded on fact. He accuses me of favoring poetry with a "message" and poetry that has a political significance. What, may I ask, is the "message" celebrated in my chapters on Frost, Sandburg, Robinson, Amy Lowell, Lindsay (whom I reproach for his "growing evangelism") the Lyricists, or my consideration (in a laudatory vein) of H.D., Lola Ridge, Adelaide Crapsey, Maxwell Bodenheim, etc. And the two chapters on Giovannitti and C.E.S. Wood, so painful to Mr. Aiken, are not political at all, but expressive of a vast movement that has, by the exigencies of the times, been forced into politics. It is one of the great modern tragedies that social reform and political agitation are in any way synonymous, that the world of labor and the world of politics have become identified with each other. It is possible that I should have omitted, from a purely aesthetic standpoint, the raw emotional passages of Giovannitti in favor of T. S. Eliot's cerebral and refined ironies. But if I must choose between emphasizing something that, for the first time in America, expresses a movement that springs from people and surges in the streets or something that expresses, for the nth time, an insurgence in the studios, I will have to play traitor to the arts. My responses to beauty are varied—but they are stirred more surely by the poignant utterance of even a "moral" passion than by the graceful outlines of an intellectual concept be it ever so decorative. Which proves, I suppose that, after all, Mr. Aiken is right. Particularly in his concluding sentence, with its cadenced "de gustibus". . .

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

A Guide to the Bible

How to Know the Bible, by George Hodges. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

AT first we are inclined to scoff at this volume's title and to think that the way to know the Bible is to read it. That is, of course, one way, as Dean Hodges would admit, but for most people it is not a sufficient way. It took at least eleven centuries to write it; the

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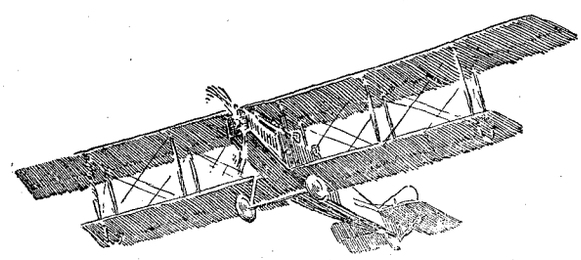

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The guide does allow himself one backward glance at the conclusion of his volume. He points out that the Bible is a revolutionist's book. He declares that the reason why Tyndale and Coverdale translated the Bible into English was because the revolutionary tenor of the original books suited their own temper, and he reminds us that the immortal stateliness of the King James version is built solidly upon their work. He might have added to this noble insight some suggestion regarding the place of the Bible in the "eternal process moving on." We are, however, boldly reminded in the flush of our recent victory that the noblest book in the world "belongs not only to the literature of revolution but to the literature of defeat." Its three outstanding figures are a defeated nation, a defeated Messiah, a defeated apostle. A. W. V.

The Index for Volume XVIII, which was completed with the last number, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st street, New York City.

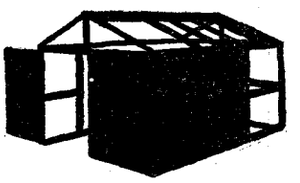
Contributors

to this issue

WILLIAM HARD, a regular contributor to the New Republic.

H. G. WELLS, well known English novelist.

J. E. BAKER, connected with the Ministry of Communications in Peking, China.



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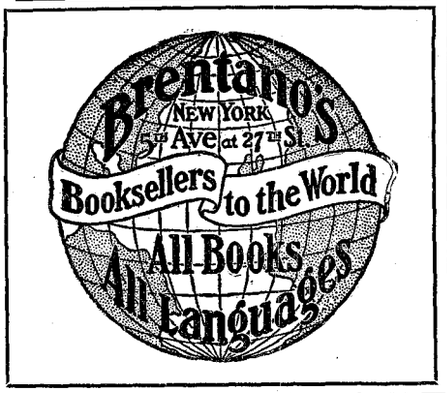

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